THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA. SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1864.

{ ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 2325. }

☞ Oswald Cray,—Mrs. Wood's New Story,—and Lost Sir Massingberd, a powerfully written serial, are now being published in The Post.

Back numbers of The Post to the first of the year, and of The Lady's Friend from its commencement, can be furnished.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TERMS—CASH IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year,	$2,00
Two copies, "	3,00
Four copies, "	6,00
Eight copies, " and one to getter up of club,	12,00
Twenty " " and one to getter up of club,	28,00
One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND,	3,00

☞ The matter in THE POST will always be different from that in THE LADY'S FRIEND.

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium for getting up a club may be either one or the other, as desired.

For $3 we send Arthur's Home Magazine and The Post, one year each.

Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

Remittances may be made in notes of any solvent Bank, but *we prefer* U. S. Treasury Notes or Pennsylvania or other Eastern money. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities *payable to our order.*

A SEWING MACHINE GRATIS!

We will *give* to any *person* sending thirty subscriptions to THE POST and Sixty Dollars, one of WHEELER & WILSON'S CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES, such as they sell for Forty-five Dollars. The machines will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free *of cost, with the exception of freight.*

In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we prefer that the thirty subscribers should be procured at the regular terms of Two Dollars for each, but where this cannot be done, they may be procured at our club rates, and the balance of the Sixty Dollars forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. *The papers will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.* Every person collecting names should send them with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (thirty), and whole amount of *money* (Sixty dollars), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent gratis.

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 WALNUT ST., PHILAD'A.

THE LADY'S FRIEND,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE AND FASHION

THE LADY'S FRIEND is devoted to choice Literature and the illustration of the Fashions, and also contains the latest patterns of Cloaks, Caps, Bonnets, Head-Dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c., &c., with Receipts, Music, and other matters interesting to ladies generally. It is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, who will rely upon the services in the Literary Department of a large number of

THE BEST WRITERS.

A HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVING and A COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATE will illustrate every number; besides well executed Wood Cuts, illustrative of Stories, Patterns, &c., too numerous to mention.

A SEWING MACHINE GRATIS!

We will *give* to any *person* sending thirty subscriptions to THE LADY'S FRIEND and Sixty Dollars, one of Wheeler & Wilson's Celebrated Sewing Machines, such as they sell for Forty-five Dollars. The machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we prefer that the thirty subscribers should be procured at the regular terms of Two Dollars for each, but where this cannot be done, they may be procured at our club rates, and the balance of the Sixty Dollars forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. *The Magazines will be sent to different post-offices, if desired.* Every person collecting names should send them with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (thirty), and whole amount of money (Sixty Dollars), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

TERMS.—Our terms are the same as those for that well known weekly paper THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last *seventeen* years—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, where it is so desired—and are as follows:—One copy, one year, $2; Two copies, $3; Four copies, $6; Eight copies (and *one extra*), $12; Twenty (and one *extra*), $28. One copy each of The Lady's Friend and The Post, $3.

☞ Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND (postage paid by us) twenty cents.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their magazines.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will be entirely different.

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen numbers will be sent gratuitously (when written for) *to those desirous of procuring subscribers.*

☞ Editors inserting the above will be entitled to an exchange.

☞ Lord Bolingbroke says—"I have observed, in comedy, the best actor plays the part of the droll, while some scrub rogue is made the hero, or fine gentleman. So, in this farce of life, wise men pass their time in mirth, whilst fools only are serious."

MARSH'S PLAN FOR ASCENDING THE WHITE MOUNTAINS BY STEAM.

[See Article on Fourth Page.]

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "Verner's Pride," "The Shadow of Ashlydyat," "Squire Trevlyn's Heir," "The Mystery," etc., etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

PART XVIII.

CURIOUS DOUBTS.

Scarcely had the servant closed the door on Mr. Oswald Cray than he met his brother. Mark was coming along at a quick pace.

"Oswald, is it you? Have you been to the abbey?"

"I have been taking tea with your wife, and waiting for you. She is nearly out of patience. Mark!" he continued, passing his arm within his brother's and leading him a few steps away while he talked, "what a shocking thing this is about Lady Oswald!"

"Ay, it is that. So unexpected. Won't you come in?"

"Not again to-night. I want to know, Mark, how it was that chloroform was given to her?"

"If we had not deemed it for the best, we should not have given it," was Mark's answer.

"But—surely Dr. Davenal did not deem it would be for the best?"

Mark turned and looked at him; a quick, sharp glance.

"What do you know about it?" he asked.

"I? I know nothing about it: I want to know," replied Oswald, thinking the remark strange. "I wish you would give me the full particulars, Mark. I cannot understand—I have a reason for not being able to understand—why chloroform should have been given to Lady Oswald—"

"We use chloroform very much now," interrupted Mark.

"Why it should have been given to *Lady Oswald*," went on Oswald, with pointed emphasis.

"It was given to her as it is given to other—to deaden pain."

"Who performed the operation?"

"The doctor."

There was a pause. When Oswald Cray broke it his voice was low, his manner hesitating.

"Mark, will you pardon me if I ask you a peculiar question?—Do you believe from your very heart that when Dr. Davenal administered the chloroform to Lady Oswald, he *did* think it would be for the best?"

Hesitating as Oswald's manner had been, Mark's was worse. He grew on a sudden flushed and embarrassed.

"Won't you answer me, Mark?"

"I—yes—of course we thought it would be for the best."

"I asked, did *he* think it?"

Mark plunged into an untruth. Somewhat afraid of Oswald at the best of times, conscious that he was of a far higher standard in moral and intellectual excellence than himself, he desired to stand well with him, to enjoy his good opinion; and perhaps there was not a single man in Hallingham to whom Mark would not have preferred his unhappy mistake, in all its willfulness, to become known, than to his brother. They were also playing at cross purposes: Oswald was seeking to learn how far Dr. Davenal had been to blame, Mark believed it was his own share of blame that was sought to be arrived at.

"Yes, he thought it. Dr. Davenal would not use chloroform, or anything else, unless he believed it would be beneficial," rapidly went on Mark. "I never knew a man more successful in his treatment in a general way than he." But for all the apparent readiness of the words they bore a certain evasion to Oswald's ears.

"Tell me the truth, Mark, tell it me frankly," he rejoined. "Is there not some—some secret—I don't know what else to call it—connected with this business? Something *wrong* about it?"

For a moment Mark Cray had to deliberate. He was driven at bay by the straightforward questions of his brother. And his brother saw the hesitation.

"Oswald, it is of no use to press me upon this matter. You will readily conceive how sore a one it is to myself and to Dr. Davenal. Had it been some poor rubbishing patient to die through it, that poor stoker at the infirmary for instance, it would not have been of so much account: but—"

"Be silent, Mark!" burst from Oswald, with a flash of anger. "I will not listen to such doctrine. The lives of the poor are every whit as valuable as are the lives of the rich. You did not learn that from Dr. Davenal."

"What I meant was, that there'd be not half the public fuss," said Mark, looking little and doing his best to explain away the impression given by his words. "I'm sure there *has* been enough fuss in the town since her death was known, but I have not heard of one single person in it casting blame on us. Why should you seek to cast it? Errors in judgment are committed now and then in medical practice, just as they are in everything else, and there's no help for it; they happen to the very best of us. If we could see the end of a thing at the beginning, it would be different: but we can't. Could the effects on Lady Oswald have been anticipated, we'd have seen the chloroform in the sea before it should have been given her. It was done for the best."

"You think then that Dr. Davenal believed the giving it her would be for the best?" persisted Oswald, after listening patiently to the excited answer.

Again came the perceptible hesitation in the manner of Mark; again the flush of embarrassment rose to his cheek. Oswald noted it.

"I am quite sure that all the doctor ever did for Lady Oswald, he did for the best," and Mark Cray plucked up courage and spirit as he said it. "That night as well as other nights which had gone before it. I cannot think what you are driving at, Oswald."

Oswald Cray determined to "drive" no more. He believed it would be useless, so far as Mark was concerned. He could not quite make him out; but he believed it would be useless. That there was something concealed, something not quite open, he saw; Mark's manner alone would have told him that; and he came rapidly to the conclusion that Mark had been cognizant also of his partner's opinion of chloroform as connected with Lady Oswald, and could not tell why he had tried it upon her, but did suppose, in spite of the face of affairs, that he had done it for the best. All Mark's embarrassment, his evasion, his crusty unwillingness to speak frankly, Oswald set down to an anxiety to screen Dr. Davenal from the reproach of imprudence. One more remark he did make. It arose to his mind as he was about to depart, and he spoke it on the spur of the thought.

"I understand you fancy that Dr. Davenal absented himself from Hallingham to avoid attending the coroner's inquest."

"Where on earth did you hear that?" shouted Mark with a stare of surprise.

"Your wife mentioned it to me just now."

Mark Cray waxed wroth.

"What idiots women are! The very best of them! I shan't be able to think my own thoughts next. Caroline knows I did not wish that repeated; it slipped from me without reflection."

"It is quite safe with me, Mark. She looks upon me I suppose as one of yourselves. But why should Dr. Davenal have wished not to attend the inquest?"

"Oh, for nothing, only he thought they'd be putting all sorts of questions," carelessly replied Mark. "It was a disagreeable thing altogether, and one of us was quite enough to attend. But, mind you, Oswald, I don't really suppose he went for that; I make no doubt he had business out."

"Well, good night, Mark."

"Good-night. I wish you had come in."

Mark Cray stopped on to his house, and let himself in with his latch-key, thinking how much better the world would go on if women had not been endowed with tongues, and wondering excessively what possessed Oswald to be taking up the death of Lady Oswald and putting these mysterious questions upon it. Oswald stood a moment in thought, his face turned to the lighted station, to the intervening rails between, lying in the shade. Was it too late to pay a visit to Dr. Davenal?

He took out his watch. It was only a little past nine. Not at all too late for a call, and he turned his steps to the house, asked for Dr. Davenal, and was shown into the doctor's room.

Dr. Davenal was alone, pacing the carpet with heavy steps and a face that seemed to have all the care of the world marked on it. Oswald could not avoid being struck with that expression of care; he had never seen the like upon the countenance of Dr. Davenal.

Turning his head, he looked at Oswald for the space of a minute as if not recognizing him. He was so deeply buried in his own thoughts that he could not immediately awake from them to every-day life.

"Good-evening, Dr. Davenal."

He took Oswald's outstretched hand, and was himself again. Oswald sat down and the doctor too. But, after a few words, he rose, apparently in restlessness, and began to pace the room as before.

"Are you in any grief, doctor?"

"Well—yes I am," was the reply. "Or perhaps I should rather say in vexation, for that is chiefly it. We have had a line from Edward by the day post, and he expresses a doubt whether he shall be able to get down to say farewell. These young soldiers grow careless of home ties, Mr. Oswald Cray."

"Not soldiers in particular, do they, sir? It is a reproach that can be cast upon many others who live in the world."

"And yet enslaved by it. True."

"I did not mean altogether that, Dr. Davenal. When does your son sail?"

"On Sunday morning, he says. He does not positively say he is not coming down, only gives a hint that he fears he cannot. What did I do with the letter?" continued the doctor, looking round. "I brought it in with me after dinner. Oh, there it is," he added, seeing it on a side table, and giving it to Oswald. "You can read what he says. Sara won't mind. It is written for us all as well as for her, I expect. Edward was never a voluminous correspondent; his letters are generally pro bono publico."

Oswald saw it was addressed to Miss Sara Davenal, and began to read it. It was dated the previous evening.

"My darling Sister,

"We are in all the bustle and hurry of the start. Orders have come at last, and we embark from Southampton on Sunday morning. I *hope* I shall get down to you to say good-bye. I am not unmindful of my promise to do so, and will do all I can to keep it; poor Dick used to tell me that I knew how to break promises better than I knew how to make them, but it shall not be my fault if you have to cast that on me as a last reproach. To absent oneself, even for an hour, is a difficult task now, but I will manage it, if possible. We have been worked off our heads and legs for the last few days.

"Love to all. I suppose Carrie is fairly installed at the abbey; wish her all good luck for me. Ever yours in much haste,

"E. F. Davenal."

"You see," said the doctor, halting and pointing to the letter, "he emphasizes the word 'hope.' 'I *hope* I shall get down.' That very fact is sufficient to tell me that he knows he shall not get down, and these lines have been sent as a sort of preparation for the final disappointment. And he is going out for years! But I won't blame him: perhaps it is an impossibility to him to get away. He should have remained longer when he came down for the wedding, and made it his farewell visit. I said so then."

Dr. Davenal began his walk to and fro again,—a very slow, thoughtful walk. Oswald folded the letter and laid it on the table.

"I have ever loved my children—I was going to say passionately, Mr. Oswald Cray. I believe few parents can love as I have loved. I have made—I have made sacrifices for them which the world little recks of, and anything like ingratitude touches me to the heart's core. But in the midst of it I am the first to find excuses for them, and I say that Edward may not be at all to blame in this."

"I think it very likely that he is quite unable to get away, however much he may wish it," observed Oswald.

"I think so too. I say I don't blame him. Only one feels these things."

There ensued a silence. A feeling of dislike had come over Oswald (and he could not trace it to any particular cause) to enter upon the subject of Lady Oswald. But he was not one to give way to these fanciful phases of feeling which appear to arise without rhyme or reason, and he was about to speak when the doctor forestalled him.

"Lady Oswald's death has brought you down, I presume?"

"Yes. I was in ignorance of it until this morning, when a formal invitation to attend the funeral reached me from the undertaker. I had just read the announcement of the death in the Times. How shocked I was, I cannot well express to you."

"It has shocked us all."

"Of course its reaching me in that abrupt manner, in the public column of death, did not tend to lessen the shock. I rather wonder you did not drop me a line yourself, Dr. Davenal."

"I was away afterwards. Called out to a distance, I did not get back for a day or two. Did Mark not write?"

"Nobody wrote. Neither Mark nor Parkins; nor anybody else. As to Mark, he is careless as the wind, and Parkins excuses herself on the plea of having been so bewildered. I can readily believe her. Dr. Davenal! she died, as I am given to understand, from the effects of chloroform!"

"We thought, on the night of the accident, you know, that she was not seriously injured," said Dr. Davenal. "At least, Mark

thought it; I had my doubts: but I left him to see to her at her own desire. Unfortunately I was called out early on Sunday morning. I was wanted at Thorndyke: and when I got back the injury had been ascertained, and an operation found necessary. It was under that operation she died."

"But the operation was performed successfully?"

"Quite so."

"And what she died of was the inhaling of the chloroform?"

"It was."

"But—I cannot understand why chloroform should have been given to her?" deliberately proceeded Oswald.

"It was given to her," was all the reply he obtained.

"But—pardon me for recalling it to you, Dr. Davenal—do you remember the very decided opinion you expressed to me, when we were going down to the scene of accident, against giving chloroform to Lady Oswald? We were speaking of its opposite effects upon different natures, and you cited Lady Oswald as one to whom, in your opinion, it might prove dangerous. You stated that, so far as you believed, it would be neither better nor worse to her than poison."

Oswald waited for a reply, but the doctor made none. He was pacing the small room with measured tread, his hands in his pockets, his eyes bent on the carpet.

"Have you any objection to explain to me this apparent contradiction? It is impossible to believe that one, whose opinion of chloroform in relation to her was so fatal, would in a few hours cause her to inhale it."

Dr. Davenal stopped in his walk and confronted Oswald.

"Have you seen Mark since you came down?"

"Yes."

"And what does he say?"

"Well, I don't fancy he understands it much better than I do. He reiterates that it was given her for the best. In his opinion it may have been. But it surely could not have been in yours, Dr. Davenal."

Dr. Davenal turned from Oswald to his pacing again. A strong temptation was upon him to tell Oswald the truth. Oh that he had! what years of suffering it would have saved!

There were few people in the world whom he esteemed as he esteemed Oswald Cray. There was no one else in the world to whom he had expressed this opinion of the unfitness of Lady Oswald as a subject for chloroform, and the wish to explain, to exonerate himself, arose forcibly within him. The next moment he asked himself why Mark Cray himself had not spoken. As he had not, it seemed to Dr. Davenal that it would be a breach of friendship, of *partnership*, for him to speak. Oswald was connected, too, with Lady Oswald, and might take up the matter warmly. No, he felt in his ever-considerate heart that he could not betray Mark, could not set one brother against the other. And he thrust the temptation from him.

Oswald watched him as he walked, wondering at the silence. A silence which the doctor evidently did not feel inclined to break.

"Do you remember expressing this opinion to me, Dr. Davenal?"

"Yes, I believe I did so express it."

"And yet you acted in diametrical opposition to it immediately afterwards, and caused Lady Oswald to inhale chloroform? Will you forgive me for asking how it could have been?"

"The very best of us are led into error sometimes," replied Dr. Davenal.

"Why, that is one of the remarks Mark has just made to me in connection with this case! I cannot recognize it as applying to it. You spoke so firmly, so positively, that I should have believed there was no room for error to creep in. I feel that there is something to be explained, Dr. Davenal."

Dr. Davenal wheeled round in his walk and confronted Oswald.

"There are circumstances connected with this case, Mr. Oswald Cray, which I cannot explain to the world: which I cannot explain even to you; although I would rather tell them to you than to any one. Let it suffice to know that *I could not save Lady Oswald.* It was not in my power."

"But you could have saved—you could have helped giving her the chloroform?" returned Oswald, wonderingly.

A slight pause. "Will you oblige me by asking no further questions on the subject—by allowing it to drop, to me and to others. Believe me I have no selfish motive in pressing this. No one living can regret more than I the fatal result to Lady Oswald; perhaps nobody regrets it so keenly. Could I have saved her, no care, no skill, no labor, should have been spared. But I could not. I can only ask you to be satisfied with this meagre assurance, Mr. Oswald Cray; and to believe me when I state that I have private reasons for declining to pursue the topic."

"And—pardon me—one more question—To what am I to attribute her death in my own mind? Or, rather, this giving of the chloroform?"

"You must look upon it as an error in judgment. It was such."

It was impossible for Oswald Cray, as a gentleman, to press further the matter. Dr. Davenal was an old man compared with him; one of high reputation, skill, position. He could not understand it, but he could only bow to the request—nay, to the demand—and let the subject sink into silence. An awkward pause ensued. The doctor had not resumed his promenade, but stood under the gas-lamp, twirling a quill pen in his fingers which he had taken up.

"How are the other sufferers from the accident getting on?" inquired Oswald, when the silence was beginning to be heard.

"Oh, quite well. Poor Bigg the fireman is nearly the only one of them left in the infirmary, and he will soon be out of it. The rest came off mostly with a few cuts and bruises. There's a summons for me, I suppose."

The doctor alluded to a knock at the hall door. Neal came in.

"Mr. Wheatley, sir. He wishes to know if you can spare him ten minutes."

"Yes," replied the doctor, and Oswald rose.

"Will you walk up stairs and see them?"

"Not to-night, thank you."

"I wont press you," said the doctor. "Sara is cut up about this news from Edward, terribly disappointed; and Aunt Bett is as cross as two sticks. She is fond of Edward, with all her ungraciousness to him, and she looks upon this hint of not coming down as a slight to herself. In manner she was always ungracious to the boys, from some idea, I believe, that it tended to keep them in order: but she loved them at heart. Good night."

Dr. Davenal clasped his hand with a warm pressure, warmer than usual; Oswald could not but feel it, and he went out perfectly mystified.

Neal stepped on to open the front gate. Neal was always remarkably courteous and deferent to Mr. Oswald Cray. Oswald, who had only seen the best side of Neal and never suspected there was a reverse one, looked upon him as a man to be respected, a faithful old retainer of the Oswald family. Lady Oswald had sung his praises times out of number in Oswald's ear, and she once told Oswald to try for Neal, should he ever require a servant about his person, for he would find Neal a man of fidelity, worth his weight in gold. Oswald believed her. He believed Neal to be faithful and true; one whom doubt could not touch.

"This death of your late mistress is a very sad thing, Neal."

"Oh, sir! I can't express to you how I have felt it. I'm sure I can say that my lady was a true friend to me, the only one I had left."

"No, no, Neal. Not the only one. You may count a friend in me—if only in respect to the regard you were, I know, held in by Lady Oswald."

"Thank you, sir, greatly,"—and honest Neal's eyes swam in tears as he turned them to Mr. Oswald Cray under the light of his master's professional gas-lamp. "Sir," he added, swaying forward the gate and dropping his voice as he approached nearer to Oswald, "how came that poison, that chloroform to be given to her?"

"I cannot tell; I cannot understand," replied Oswald, speaking upon impulse, not upon reflection.

"Sir, if I might dare to say a word"—and Neal glanced round with caution on all sides as he spoke—"I'd ask whether it was given in fairness?"

"What do you mean, Neal?"

"There's not a person in the world I'd venture to whisper such a thing to, sir, except yourself; but I doubt whether it *was* given in fairness. I have a good reason for doubting it, sir. It makes me sick, sir, to think that there was some unfair play brought to work, and that it took her life."

"Unfair play on the part of whom?" asked Oswald.

"I am not sure that I dare say, sir, even to you. And it might be looked upon as—as—fancy on my part. One thing is certain, sir, that but for that chloroform being given to her, she'd be alive now."

"Dr. Davenal and Mr. Cray gave the chloroform, Neal," observed Mr. Oswald Cray, in a somewhat distant tone—for it was not to Neal he would admit any doubt, scarcely condescend to hear any, of the judgment of the surgeons. "They know better about such things than we do."

"Yes, sir," answered Neal, as dryly as he dared. "Mr. Cray, I am sure, did *his* best, but he has not had the judgment and experience of my master. Any way, it seems it was the chloroform that killed her."

"As it has killed others before her—when administered in all deliberate judgment, by surgeons of as high repute and practice as Dr. Davenal. The issues of life and death are not even in a doctor's hands, Neal. Good-night."

"Good-night to you, sir."

Oswald Cray walked slowly towards his temporary home, the Apple Tree, half bewildered with the conjectural views opened out to him, and not the least with that last hint of Neal's. He could not get over that giving of the chloroform by Dr. Davenal in the very teeth of his expressed opinion against it. He had supposed, when he first heard of the cause of death, that this contradiction would be explained away: but, instead of that, it was more unexplainable than before. There was Mark's confused manner, his covert attempts to avoid inquiry; there was Dr. Davenal's positive denial to satisfy it; there was the man Neal's curious hint. Oswald Cray felt as one in a maze, trying to get at something which eluded his grasp.

How the imagination runs riot, how utterly unamenable it is to the rules and regulations of sober control, we most of us know.

Oswald found his mind balancing the question, "Did Richard Davenal give that chloroform in his calm deliberate senses, believing that it might take her life?" If so, where was the motive? Men don't do such things in these days without a motive, the greatest criminal must have *that*. Oswald Cray could see none. There was no motive, or shadow of motive, for Dr. Davenal's wishing for the death of Lady Oswald. Quite the contrary: it was his interest—if so worldly a plea may be brought into proximity with these solemn thoughts—to keep her in life. Of all his patients, she perhaps was the most profitable, paying him a good sum yearly. Then—with the want of motive, those dark doubts born of his imagination fell to the ground, and he had the good sense to see that they did.

They fell to the ground. And Oswald Cray, as he awoke with a start and shook himself clear of them, pinched his arms to see whether he was awake. Surely only in his sleep could doubts, such as those, have arisen of Dr. Davenal!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1864.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

Our Sewing-Machine Premium.

In answer to various letters, we would repeat that as to our clubs generally, they can be made up of either periodical, or of both, as suits the members. And, if the getter-up of a club for THE POST prefers the Magazine as a Premium, he can have it; while THE POST will be sent as a Premium for the Magazine clubs, if desired.

The Sewing-Machine Premium, it will be seen, applies to both periodicals; *as well as to mixed clubs made up of the magazine and the paper.* This is a splendid premium, and we are glad to see that numbers design availing themselves of it. These machines cannot be bought for less than the price we mention, FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS!

OLD COUNTRY WAYS.

We are apt to think occasionally, that the doings of our new world legislative bodies are very corrupt and shameful—and doubtless they are so;—but sometimes we get a glimpse of old-country ways, which quite throws our political and legislative fleecing into the shade. For instance, *Chambers's London Journal*—an excellent authority—in a recent number, says:—

The ruin of the British Railways is the costliness of their construction. What with the expense of preliminary legislation (we once saw a Committee sitting its 72nd day at an average daily expense of £3,000,) what with douceurs and high prices to lords of the soil possessing parliamentary influence and otherwise (a Scotch duke was bought up with thirty thousand pounds to allow of the passage through his estates of a line calculated in reality to immensely increase their value,) and what with general extravagance in engineers and directors, the railways of our island have come into existence in circumstances to deny fair profits; hence the too late economy in management which so often leads to accidents; hence a scale of charges which makes railways so much less of a blessing to the community than they might be.

Note simply one item of the above—an expense of $15,000 a day, *for 73 days*, for "*preliminary* legislation." That is $1,080,000 to begin with. Now this was not "corruption," in one sense of the word—the charges of that Parliamentary Committee were doubtless prescribed by law, and made and paid in an open and unblushing manner—but it differed from corruption, as it seems to us, just in one respect. It was organized corruption—of which the old world is full. High and ruinous charges stand at the entrance of all legislative and judicial chambers—and your pocket is picked much more effectually by authorized tax-gatherers, than on this side of the ocean by unauthorized foot pads.

We said to an importer the other day, who was exclaiming indignantly against the English merchants for the shameful manner in which they so frequently violated their contracts when they found it to their interest to do so, why do you not prosecute them? Because, he said, the charges are so high in the English courts, that it would cost us more to get justice, than justice would be worth when it was got. In other words, in getting "damages," they would find themselves damaged to a greater extent than ever.

Now, no doubt it is rather better that a company should have to pay a million of dollars in prescribed legislative charges, than that much in what is called "bribery and corruption;" but a large majority of men probably would rather pay say twenty thousand dollars to American legislators under the rose, than fifty times that amount in the high old English fashion.

For, in both cases, the money really is stolen, the people are plundered, whether it be in the shape of open but exorbitant charges, or in the shape of secret douceurs. In the old world robbery has organized itself into an institution; the highwayman has built himself a castle, has extended his sway over a province, and his bailiffs now collect, in the shape of toll and impost, what he formerly took out of the traveller's pocket with the point of his sword. But there is a great difference between tweedledee and tweedle-dum in the estimation of old-world moralists; and doubtless what was wrong in its origin has become not only right, but even venerable in the long course of time—the "wood and stubble" basis of unjust institutions having hardened beneath the steady flow of the centuries into enduring marble.

IMPROPER.

We see it stated that circulars have been distributed through the country, requesting the young men to whom they are sent to collect and send to certain parties in the large cities, photographs of young women, with particulars concerning their residence, pecuniary circumstances, disposition, habits, and other matters. By way of inducing responses, prizes from $20 in cash to a set of jewelry are offered to those who shall send in the largest number of photographs and biographical notices.

Whatever the alleged reason may be for collecting such photographs and the accompanying information, it is evident that no young man should allow himself to become an agent of any such scheme. And the proprietors of all photographic establishments should be especially careful how they allow themselves or those in their employ to use for such purposes the negative plates which a confiding public have placed in their possession.

We think it would be well if, when the photograph of a young lady is taken, the negatives as well as the cards should pass into the hands of the sitter, she paying a reasonable price for them. If she at any time wished more cards printed, she could return the negatives to the photographer for that purpose. We know it is the rule of all well regulated photographic establishments, not to print cards from any negative without the order of the person of whom it is a likeness, but the offer of an extra price would doubtless be a great temptation to many needy photographers. The best plan therefore, it seems to us, is for the sitter to purchase the negatives, if she have any desire to restrict the circulation of her portrait to the circle of her immediate friends.

MEN AND MONEY.

The Washington Chronicle gives the following official estimate of the volunteers and drafted since Jan. 1, 1863:—

From Jan. 1 to Nov. 1, 1863, was	68,000
From Nov. 1, 1863, to Jan. 31, 1864	110,000
From Jan. 31 to Feb. 28, 1864	90,000
Add product of the draft of 1863	40,000
Add deserters returned	28,000
Invalid Corps	25,000
Re-enlisted veterans	100,000
Add black troops	70,000
Total	531,000

To show the actual gain of the army, the 100,000 re-enlisted veterans must be deducted, as well as the killed, wounded, prisoners, and disabled during the year, said to amount to 125,000, which would leave the army 306,000 larger now than it was Jan. 1, 1863.

What the actual number in the field now is, is found by adding to the 406,000 as above, all those whose enlistments have not expired. While we cannot say how large a total this would make, we are content to know that it is 306,000 more than it was about a year ago.

As to money, Mr. Stebbins, a representative from the city of New York, and President of the Board of Brokers, in a recent speech in Congress compared the amount of our legal tender currency, with that of the famous French *assignats*. Of our legal tender currency four hundred millions has been put into circulation; while of the French *assignats* the revolutionary authorities issued in about the same period the immense sum of nine thousand millions, or twenty-two times as much.

☞ In London a Professor Pepper is lecturing, and illustrates one of his lectures by introducing a young lady clad in a muslin dress dipped in a cheap chemical solution, to which fire is applied in vain, so far as combustion is concerned. It will shrivel and singe, but it will not burn. What this solution is we are not informed.

☞ Weighing so many "stone" is often seen in English prints. The weight is thus defined:—A stone, horseman's weight, is 14 pounds; of butcher's meat, 8; of iron, 14; of glass, 5; of hemp, 32; of cheese, 16.

☞ An old woman in Kentucky crossed a bridge that was marked as "dangerous," without seeing the sign. On being informed of the fact on the other side of the river, she turned about and immediately recrossed.

Social Advantages of Laughter.

Useful knowledge is often a very good relaxation from physical labor. Entertaining knowledge may be still more freely resorted to. But what I want now and then is entertainment without any knowledge at all—at least, without any scientific knowledge, any knowledge but that of human nature—entertainment, in short, by itself, in its simplest and broadest form. A sense of the ludicrous, the faculty of laughter, are essential, and, as I think, most useful parts of our nature. Laughter is essentially a social, a sympathetic, and a contagious power. Some nations, particularly the Orientals, are said never to laugh; but all European nations have been great laughers, and the ludicrous has played an important part even in their very history. By means of laughter absolute monarchs have been controlled upon their throne, demagogues have been checked in their career, and even Demos, himself, has been made to laugh at his own follies till he was almost shamed into good sense. Quackeries, hypocrisies, and affectations of all kinds have been exposed and suppressed, and the Reformation was promoted by the united efforts of reason and ridicule. The Scottish nation have never been behind their neighbors in their appreciation of this element, or in the power either of making or of enjoying mirth. Our old songs and ballads, and the best of our native writers—Dunbar, Lyndsay, Burns and Scott—all prove the irrepressible tendency of our countrymen in this direction; and I consider it as an important counterpoise to some of those opposite qualities of sternness and severity for which we are equally remarkable. Indeed, it is probable that the grave and mirthful faculties are best developed when they co-exist in the same character, and were intended by the Creator to be brought into companionship. Spain, the greatest country in Europe, has produced the great masterpiece of ludicrous writing—a never-failing treasure of genial and innocent merriment; and in our own Shakspeare it is difficult to say which of the two powers preponderate—the comic or the tragic. I am humbly of opinion that this resource is not sufficiently used in promoting the recreation of the humbler classes; and I think the omission is much to be lamented, as tending to have unemployed a powerful engine for promoting social and kindly feelings. The sense of the ludicrous and the sense of the pathetic have their sources not far from each other, in the very highest part of our nature, and we might well endeavor to procure for the poor and wearied, for the thoughtless, and even for the erring, an occasional enjoyment of this special kind. Plenty of materials for such amusement may be found if they are carefully sought and judiciously selected, and we should not leave the selection merely to the unaided taste of uneducated men. In popular productions of a comic kind there will often be something of the freedom or even the coarseness of the popular spirit. But such flaws are merely incidental to the ludicrous, not essential to it, and the guidance of a more refined spirit may keep it all right. A good laugh thus periodically administered would save a great quantity of alcohol, while it would excite those very sympathetic feelings and genial dispositions which are most wanted for regenerating our moral system and knitting together the different classes of society. The men whom we could thus send home laughing would have experienced an hour's happiness without sensuality—an evening's pleasure without fear or misgiving at the time, and without any remorse or reaction afterwards.—*Lord Neaves at Social Science Congress.*

☞ THE HEART.—Dr. Lee, an eminent physician, asserts that he has discovered—by what means we are not told—that the *heart* is the organ or seat of the nervous sensibility in the highest degree—not the brain, as has long been supposed. Therefore, the Bible, when it speaks of the heart-broken, the heart-sorrowing, the heart-grieving, the heart-bleeding, does not use language unwarranted by physiological science, but what the recent discoverers of that science have demonstrated to be literally true.

☞ In reply to Statisticus, who wants to know how many serjeants there are in the rebel army, we would respectfully say that its entire strength is *insurgents.*

☞ Dr. Mapother, of London, has just startled the world with a paper, read before the Royal College, in which he assumes that the bleeding of meat intended for food impairs its nutritious value; that the strength of meat is the blood, and that it should be retained.

☞ Patrick O'Flaherty said that his wife was very ungrateful, for "whin I married her she hadn't a rag to her back, but now she's covered with 'em."

☞ Somebody says that Arabian children, before cutting their teeth, speak gum-Arabic.

☞ The Louisville Journal asks if it is an excuse to run away from a lighted shell merely because you don't like its fizz?

☞ The second son of Charles Dickens—an officer in India—is dead. While his father stood as chief mourner by the grave of Thackeray, almost at the very hour, his son was dying on the other side of the world.

BREAKFAST AT WILLARD'S HOTEL, IN WASHINGTON.

G. A. Sala, American correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph, writes home as follows of breakfast at Willard's:—

Everybody is to be met with there; and from eight o'clock to eleven there is a constant flow of celebrities to the breakfast-table. And ye, genius of indigestion, what breakfasts they do eat! *Dejeuner a la fourchette*, forsooth! In its vast volume, the breakfast at Willard's should be eaten with a fork having as many prongs as a comb has teeth. Gargantua would be at home here; the Welsh giant, who was so great a hand at hasty-pudding, would find himself outdone in the way of hominy and mush, and Daniel Lambert would discover that a huge appetite excites no surprise. Now and then, in our country newspapers, you light upon a paragraph headed, 'Disgusting Feat." A voracious bumpkin has undertaken for a wager, and within a given time, to devour a leg of mutton, a chunk of raw bacon, a peck loaf, two pork pies, and a pound of candles. Let that bumpkin come and breakfast at Willard's, and his voracity would excite not the slightest astonishment. You begin at last to think that you are in the company of a select body of pikes, alligators, cormorants, and bottle-nosed sharks, and that the pensive young ladies opposite you, who are continually ordering fresh relays of bodily sustenance, are the daughters of the horse-leech. As for the appetite of the men folks, there is little to be wondered at in it. They have always in view at meal times a high moral purpose. They have a duty to perform. They pay three dollars a day for their board at Willard's, and they are determined to have their money's worth for their money. Thus, there is breakfast from half-past seven to eleven, dining from half-past one to three, dinner again at five, tea at half-past seven, and supper at nine. You may be always eating and there do seem to be guests at Willard's who never miss a meal, but are continually gorging. Some art is requisite, some finesse has to be exercised, however, to obtain a meal to your liking. There is nothing on the table itself save the knives, forks, and glasses, the castors, and the condiments, such as celery, anchovies, dried smelts, cod's sounds, olives, salted cucumber, beet-root, and cold slaugh. No dishes are handed to you, and unless you are loud of voice, and authoritative in gesture, you will not find the waiters very attentive to you. But a prodigious bill of fare lies before you, and from it you mentally select such dishes as you think will suit your palate. Then you beckon a black waiter, and in a deliberate and determined tone tell him what you want. He grins from ear to ear, rolls his eyes, and glides away. If you have fed him, or you look good-natured and he thinks you will fee him, or he has taken a fancy to you, he speedily returns with a tray full of oval white dishes, containing the viands you have ordered. If he does not care much about you, or is engrossed in attending to a regular boarder who has bribed him to be attentive all through the winter months, you have to wait many minutes—perhaps half an hour—before you obtain anything at all; and then probably the waiter has been oblivious, and brings you the wrong things. There is, in all cases, one peril against which the stranger should be warned. Order but a few dishes and you are lost. The negro will put you down as a "mean cuss," a "one-horse" sort of a person, and systematically neglect you. But order half the dishes set down in the bill of fare, and he will at once entertain an exaggerated notion of your importance, and almost fly to execute your commands. The first time I breakfasted at Willard's, I said, modestly, that I should like a cup of tea, some dry toast, an egg, and a little toasted bacon. It struck me that the waiter regarded me with a very contemptuous look, and that he retired from my presence in a very slow and supercilious manner. I waited, and waited, and waited, but no tea, to toast, no egg, no bacon came. There was sitting opposite to me a dapper little man with a large beard, an embroidered shirt-front with diamond studs, a cut velvet vest, and a pea jacket. "Here, you," he cried to the nearest Ethiop, "bring me some fried oysters, some stewed oysters, some tender loinsteak and onions, some scrambled eggs, some pork cutlets, some fish balls, some dipped toast, some Graham bread, some mashed turnips, some cold ham, some buckwheat cakes, some hot coffee, and some blanc mange. I've paid my money, and by ——— *I mean to see the show.*"

☞ HIGH PRICE OF WOOD IN RICHMOND.—Wood has so advanced in cost at the rebel capital, that the Enquirer says "a small landed proprietor owning fifty acres of wood accessible to the city, might consider himself worth several millions in 'Confederate shucks,' each tree being worth at least fifty dollars in that issue."

☞ We see it announced by the Court Journal that the name by which Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, will ascend the throne will be King Edward the Seventh. It is said this was the express wish of the late Prince Consort, who thought that Albert First would hardly sound congenial to the English ear.

SPIRITUALISM.

[The following article—concluded from last week's paper—is from "Death and Life," a book recently published by Mary G. Ware. It is interesting as showing how the modern doctrine of Spiritualism appears from the Swedenborgian point of view:]

The mediums are like persons, who, wishing to know about England, should approach its coast, and think to acquire a knowledge of its geography, its institutions, and its customs, by talking with the pilots, fishermen, or land-sharks, who came off to them in boats. Swedenborg is like a man who has spent years in traversing England in every direction; in conversing with its people of every class; in studying its laws and customs, its arts and sciences, its mineral, vegetable, and animal productions.

The spiritualists give us disjointed, fragmentary information of the most contradictory character, much of it puerile, and much in direct opposition to the Scriptures. Swedenborg gives us an elevated, logical, coherent system, harmonizing perfectly with itself, with science, and with revelation.

Swedenborg gives us no doctrine on the authority of any spirit or angel, but received all the doctrines he teaches by direct illumination from the Lord while reading the Holy Scriptures. The relations of things heard and seen in the spiritual world, interspersing most of his works, illustrate the doctrines, but do not in any case originate them.

The undignified modes by which the spirits manifest themselves is often brought forward as a reason for disbelieving that what is done is the work of spirits: but dignity is by no means a common trait in the beings who dwell on earth; and there is no reason for supposing that passing into the world of spirits induces dignity. It would certainly destroy the identity of a vast multitude of human beings who go hence, if this noble trait of character should be at once bestowed upon them. If we take the only rational presumption,—which is, that we rise up in the world of spirits with exactly the same human soul with which we lie down in the world of matter,—we see at once, that the communications, both in manner and matter, are just what we have a right to expect; just as conceited, just as commonplace, just as gossiping, just as puerile, as they naturally would be, coming from spirits slow to learn, but eager to teach; unwilling to listen, but eager to talk. Spirits who are really wise have something better to do than to spend their time in gratifying the idle curiosity of anybody who is ready to give a dollar that he may spend an hour in talking with them. The readiness with which they play into the hands of those who would thrive by their means, and who are ready to add all manner of tricks of their own to those which the spirits can perform to amuse the curious, is sufficient proof of their belonging to a very low order of beings. The most zealous followers of the spirits are compelled to acknowledge a large proportion of them to be egregious liars; but still they are lured on to believe every thing the spirits may utter which they cannot disprove, and which pleases their credulity.

The efforts that have been made to prove that public mediums are impostors have had a surprisingly slight effect upon the public mind. In various cities, the most gross deception has been proved upon persons following this vocation; and doubtless there are some, who, in consequence, turn away in disgust, and abandon the pursuit of information obtained by such means. Still, Spiritualism increases, year by year and month by month, with a rapidity even greater than that of Mormonism.

The whole mode of operation by public mediums seems to be arranged for deception; and it is not probable that any one who exhibits in public can long retain honesty. Intelligent and honest private mediums exhibit a power in the broadest daylight, incomparably more surprising than the feats performed in darkness by the public mediums; and as different in character, also, as daylight is from darkness. The private medium has not the temptation to deceive that the public one must have. The facility with which communications can be obtained depends very much on the state of health of the medium, and on various other causes, some known and some unknown. If the medium exerts his power in private, and without pecuniary reward, he feels at liberty to confess at any time, that he is not in a state to use his power; but if he makes it a matter of emolument, even in private circles, and, still more, if he undertakes to operate before a public audience, he is often tempted to pretend to put himself in communication when the power is wanting, and to blind the eyes of spectators by tricks, and mislead their minds by subterfuges, when he can give them nothing genuine.

In the Scriptures, all appeals to spirits, for any purpose, are constantly classed as a sin with idolatry; and it is always asserted or implied, that, when we turn ourselves towards spirits, we turn ourselves away from God. Thus, in Deut. xviii. 10-12, we read: "There shall not be found among you any one that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter of familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer; for all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord."

In the enumeration of the sins of Manasseh, 2 Kings xxi. 5, 6, it is stated that he built altars for all the host of heaven, and used enchantments, and dealt with familiar spirits and wizards. Again: in 2 Kings xxiii. 24, we are told in praise of Josiah, that he put away familiar spirits and wizards and images and idols, and all the abominations that were spied in the land. In Isa. xix. 3, we find the same classification of those who "seek to the idols, and to the charmers, and to them that have familiar spirits, and to the wizards." In Leviticus, these same sins are classed together, and forbidden; with the reason appended, "for I am the Lord your God."

These passages all cohere as one, and plainly indicate that the seeking after preternatural knowledge, such as might be obtained from any other sources than those appointed by God, is, in fact, turning away from him. He has given us the Scriptures, and has manifested himself personally for the instruction of his children in doctrine and in life; and, if we seek after knowledge by climbing up some other way, we do it with the assurance that we are committing an abomination in the sight of our God.

It is a singular feature in the religion of the present day, that the authority of the Bible is not considered of the slightest weight in proving the possibility of spiritual intercourse, by a large proportion of persons who assume to be Christian believers. To quote its words in an argument upon the subject, is to provoke a cavil or a sneer or a self-complacent smile, that seems to say, "How can you be so credulous as to consider commands of any authority that I have so entirely outgrown?"

It has been asserted in regard to these texts, that the obtaining access to the spirits must be impossible, or it would not have been forbidden; because there could be no harm in it. The novelty and ingenuity of this reasoning is worthy of all admiration. That a sin should be forbidden us because we cannot commit it, is a mode of legislation so curious, that it could have occurred to none but a subtle reasoner to have ventured upon the suggestion. It may be asked, why this prohibition should be classed apart from all others?—why, when we certainly are able to commit, and very liable to wish to commit, all other acts prohibited in the Scriptures, this alone is to be torn from its connection, and set by itself as an impossible sin?

A little observation of the effect produced upon the mind by intercourse of this sort would be sufficient to show why it was deemed necessary that it should be forbidden. We are placed upon this earth in order that we may become prepared for heaven; and the spiritualism of Swedenborg teaches us, that to esteem the means of moral progress and culture, which the world affords us, of little worth, is to undervalue the only means by which regeneration can be obtained. The faithful performance of the duties set before us here by our heavenly Father is the only way in which we can fit ourselves for performing the heavenly duties that await us in the world hereafter.

The state of mind produced by seeking after the wisdom of the spirits is adverse to the performance of the common duties of life. The mind is filled with curiosity, and continually seeking to gratify it by appealing to the spirits; and, the more constant the intercourse becomes, the less willing is the mind to turn itself towards temporal things, and to see in them the stepping-stones to a higher life. It is a received doctrine with the spiritualists, that, to become a good medium, it is necessary to withdraw one's self from intercourse with the world as much as possible, and live in a sort of ascetic retirement, free from material care. Swedenborg tells us, that this mode of life induces a state of nervous excitement, that renders one susceptible to the influences of a fantastic class of spirits, who are sure to mislead all who trust to them.

Some men who take up arms against Spiritualism start from the position, that it is impossible for spirit to manifest itself in any way to mortals. They seize upon certain things done by spiritualists which they can imitate, and cry out, "This is nothing; we can all do it!" but take not the slightest notice of the things done which they cannot imitate. Such *ex-parte* evidence against a criminal would be driven from our courts of justice with opprobrium; but anything seems to them sufficient to convict a medium of falsehood; and, if one medium is false, they assume that all mediums must be the same. Probably nine-tenths of the feats performed by public mediums are mere tricks for obtaining money, and have nothing to do with any spiritual being; but there is a class of facts developed in private, by mediums who are among the purest minds in the country, which can be explained by none of the theories that have as yet been offered, and which admit of no explanation but a spiritual one.

The question is often asked, how it can be possible that the Almighty would permit evil and dangerous spirits to come back to earth, and use their influence to the detriment of the souls of those who seek them. There seems to be a good deal of confusion in the minds of many persons regarding what God permits and what he approves. Thus they think he would not permit spiritual intercourse, unless he approved it. Yet we all know that he permits the earth to be infested with every form of sin; and we know as well, that he disapproves it far more than we do. He desires to give us entire liberty; and it is this liberty that constitutes us responsible beings. If we are not entirely free to choose between good and evil, we cannot be justly accountable for what we do. The objector would again, perhaps, ask how it can be that he permits this new mode of intercourse between this world and that to come for no useful end. To this the New Church replies, that spiritual intercourse is not a new thing;—that it has existed, in some form or other, ever since the world began. While the Scriptures were received as the absolute word of God, the Jewish and the Christian churches both recognized two distinct modes of this intercourse,—one holy and sacred, which came to mortals without their seeking, and which constituted them seers and prophets for the benefit of the church; the other, impure and selfish, sought out by the individual for his own benefit, or for the gratification of his curiosity, which the church regarded as a sin, and the state punished as a crime. Rationalism and materialism at length became dominant: everything spiritual was driven so far off from the minds of men, that, for a while, all voluntary turning towards the objective reality of the world of spirits ceased; although extraordinary dreams and visions have continued to occur often enough to prevent the entire loss of faith in a spiritual world among the great body of the people. At length, the pendulum having swung to the utmost limit the minds of men could bear in one direction, it swings back as far the other way. All legal restraints being removed, men and women rush madly, by thousands, to seek the spirits; and the low and impure spirits, who are near enough to the material world to feel its influence with sufficient power, come willingly to meet them. No new principle is developed by all this, no new power exercised: it is only that humanity has suddenly taken a fancy to make use of a power it always possessed, but never before used with so much freedom. The objector urges, that he cannot believe the great minds that have passed away from earth are ready to come back, and discourse of the unseen world, at the call of the ignorant and the impure. The New Church answers, that when the low, the impure, and the ignorant call, the spirits of former mortals of the same classes come; and, being shrewd enough to know that they would have little or no influence if they confessed their own insignificance, they claim to be the great ones of the earth, and so command the attention of listening crowds.

How far it may be desirable to convert to Spiritualism those who believe the gulf impassable that separates the embodied from the disembodied spirit, is a difficult question. The conviction that a vast mischief was being done by the spirits to the minds of many well-intentioned persons, by upsetting their faith in Scripture and their love for the true and the right, has made it seem desirable to set forth some of the views of the New Church, hoping thereby to lend a helping hand to those who are in danger of falling a prey to the spirits, or who have already fallen, by endeavoring to show that they are as little to be trusted now as in the days of Saul or of Cæsar; that they who attempt to penetrate the world of spirits through human means are leaning upon a staff that may break, and pierce the hand; and that, if we would walk surely and safely, we must "seek not unto them that have familiar spirits, and unto wizards that peep and mutter, but unto the Lord our God."

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY IN ENGLAND.—To enumerate the various customs of St. Valentine's Day observed at different ages and in different counties of England, and in Scotland, would far exceed our limits. We note, however, the following curious species of divination in the connoisseur, as practised on the eve or day of the saint:—

Last Friday was Valentine's Day, and the night before I got five bay leaves, and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow, and then I dreamt of my sweetheart. Betty said we should be married before the year was out. But, to make it more sure, I boiled an egg hard, and took out the yolk, and filled it with salt; and when I went to bed eat it shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lovers' names upon bits of paper, and rolled them up in clay, and put them into water, and the first that rose up was to be our Valentine. Would you think it? Mr. Blossom was my man. I lay a-bed and shut my eyes till the morning till he came to our house, for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world.

☞ CENSURE.—It is folly for an eminent man to think of escaping censure, and a weakness to be affected with it. All the illustrious persons of antiquity, and indeed, of every age in the world, have passed through this fiery persecution. There is no defence against reproach but obscurity; it is a kind of concomitant to greatness, as satires and invectives were an essential part of a Roman triumph.—*Addison.*

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

WOMEN'S PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH,
1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

MR. CALEB COPE, *Treasurer*,
N. E. Corner Sixth and Minor St., Phila.

Sub-Committee on Correspondence.

Mrs. M. B. GRIER, *Ch'rm'n.*
Mrs. B. H. MOORE, *Cor. Sec.*
Mrs. GEORGE PLITT, *Rec. Sec.* } Ex-Officio.
Mrs. W. H. FURNESS.
Mrs. LATHROP.
Miss M. M. DUANE.
Mrs. PHOEBE M. CLAPP, *Assis. Sec.*

The following appeal in behalf of our great Fair is so ably and eloquently written that we cannot refrain from giving it a place in our columns, feeling that it applies equally well to other counties than Berks:—

THE GREAT SANITARY FAIR AT PHILADELPHIA.

To the People of Berks County.

You are aware that the "United States Sanitary Commission" follows the soldiers of the Republic everywhere in the field, in the hospital, in the prison, wherever they may be found suffering from wounds, from sickness, or from captivity, for the purpose of administering such additional relief, as in the nature of things no Government agency can furnish. The relief of this Commission differs from that of the Government, in having about it the tastes and memories of "home," and as being a precious earnest to our heroes that they are not forgotten by those for whom they have dared and endured so much. The field of the war is so vast, the number to be relieved so great, the points at which relief is to be administered so numberless and so widely scattered, the impending military operations promise to be so decisive and so sanguinary, that extraordinary means must be resorted to, not to stimulate, but to give vent to, the noble generosity of the people in making their supplemental provision for the greater comfort of the wounded and sick of the approaching campaign. The Sanitary Commission is but a great Almoner of the people, furnishing to each individual the means of making his liberality most effectual, by concentrating it with that of thousands of others, by conveying it where it is most needed, and by distributing it where it will do the most good. Such an Association is the necessary machinery of the high and holy purpose of the people's heart! Through its means the widow's mite, the rich man's thousands, the gift of whatever form, will most surely accomplish the pious wish of the giver.

The great cities of the West—Chicago and Cincinnati—have inaugurated Fairs for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, whose success shows with what yearning fervency the hearts of the people follow their soldiers—how worthy the people are of having such soldiers. We can hardly emulate the example of the glorious West, which pours out its blood and its treasure with such an uncalculating generosity, in a great cause, as has no parallel in ancient or modern story. But we must strive, each one according to his or her capacity to do the best. As I write, the city of Brooklyn is holding a Fair, whose partial returns show how warm an interest the Empire state takes in the good work of the Commission. From every quarter the contributions of the people are pouring into it, in whatever form they have anything that it pleases them to give, whether it be the work of their hands, the produce of their lands, of their stock, of their trades, of their factories, of their shops, or articles and objects of curiosity, of taste, of art,—anything whatever, is thankfully received, and is so disposed of as to advance the generous purpose of the giver. The mechanics of one machine-shop sent as their joint offering a beautiful steam engine, of another shop they sent an entire day's wages, one farmer sent a flock of sheep, another some bushels of his grain. This person sends a curious, rare, old picture or book, or antiquity of one or other kind—another sends a piece of linen of her own spinning, and so through all the infinite variety of things that have value, and of persons who have the soul to give.

In a work of this kind Pennsylvania cannot, if she be true to her old and fair renown, be behind any State in the Union. She who has always been first among her peers in every work of Philanthropy, in every practical way of doing good, will not, it is to be hoped, on this greatest occasion, prove a laggard. It has been determined to hold a fair in Pennsylvania, for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, and the time and place fixed for holding it are, in the first week in the coming June, at Philadelphia. Western New Jersey and Delaware will take part with our own state. That this Fair will redound to the honor of the country and to the good of our brave soldiers, as no other one has done, we will not say, but let every one of us, like the gallant and modest Miller at Lundy's Lane, but "try" to make it so redound, and do his or her best, and it will not fail of realizing the most sanguine expectations.

To you, men and women of old Berks, thousands of whose nearest and dearest are in those armies, it is my duty particularly to appeal in their behalf. The fourth county in the state in population and in wealth, containing the third city, filled with an energetic, prosperous and happy people, with a reputation wide as our distracted country, for the honesty and virtue of that people. Berks county should show itself, on an occasion like this, worthy of the manifold good gifts wherewith God has blessed it. You are asked to give of the superabundance of your means, not of your poverty—to give to your common countrymen and to your own sons, who are encountering sickness and prisons, and wounds and death, under the terrible privations of war, that you may live at home in peace, such inconsiderable gifts as will not impoverish you, but will greatly cheer and comfort them. You are asked to give promptly and generously, and in such measure that our dear old county may add to all her past glories this crowning one, that she is the most generous county in the state—fourth in wealth and population, but first in the largeness of her heart.

The Fair will be conducted precisely like those in the West and the one now going on in Brooklyn. Its humane object being beyond all sectarian sin in religion, in politics, or in whatever else may divide man in opinion, are such as must find approval in every head and in every heart. I call upon the reverend clergy, and upon the conductors of the press, upon all who give direction to public opinion in the county to further by their countenance and good report of it, this undertaking. I would beg in behalf of the Commission, of every workshop, factory and mill, a specimen of the best thing it can turn out—of every artist, for some creation of his taste and skill—of every farmer, for some product of his farm—on every woman for something that she has made or saved—on every one for something that will have a value for use or for sale, whatever can be turned to any account will be turned to the account of good. This war has developed in the whole American people a godlike generosity; the world has not at any time seen anything like it—but what else could be expected from a people at once pious, proud and free! I know how abundant you of Berks have been in good works heretofore; no one knows better nor will bear more willing testimony to the fact; but now for the first time you are to be measured in direct comparison with other parts of the state. Will Berks suffer by that comparison? I cannot believe it. She will give largely and cheerfully, remembering that God loveth a cheerful giver, and that to whom much is given from them much will be required.

Any articles or donations for the above purpose can be sent direct to the Sanitary Commission, 1307 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, or left at the house of the subscriber, 400 Penn street, Reading.

ROSA C. NICOLLS,
Associate Manager of Sanitary Commission for Berks county.
Reading, March 3d, 1864.

Additional list of supplies wanted for the Field and Army Hospitals, furnished by Mrs. Holstein:—

Pillows.

Ring-pads, from six to eight inches in diameter, to be filled with ravelled ingrain carpet, curled hair or other soft material.

Oblong Pads, from eight to eighteen inches in length, filled with salt hay, curled hair or moss, and covered with piece of old comfortable.

Bed spreads and quilts.

Cotton stockings and socks.

Drawers of colored materials, made *without* strings or buttons at the foot. Shirts and drawers are generally made too large. *Smaller* drawers much wanted.

Edibles; additional—Hops, potatoes, onions, butter, eggs, *green* tea, canned tomatoes, canned fruit, apple-butter, dried rusk, pickles *packed in kegs*, Coxe's gelatine, flavoring extracts, ground cinnamon put in tins or bottles, nutmegs, blackberry wine, brandy, or spiced blackberry jam. Blackberries in *any* form are very valuable.

Mark every article of clothing with the name of the society where it is made.

DONATIONS.

MONDAY, March 7th, 1864.

The Women's Penn. Branch United States Sanitary Commission acknowledges the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

Ladies' Aid Society, Haven, Clinton co., Mrs. H. D. Barton, Sec'y, 2 boxes; Ladies' Aid, Springfield, Susquehanna co., M. H. Smith, Sec'y, 1 bbl.; Ladies' Aid, Bordentown, N. J., Mrs. Lydia Carslake, 2 boxes; Mrs. Latimer, Wilmington, Del., 1 pkg.; Mrs. Ashurst, 1 pkg.; Mrs. Dr. Uhler, School Lane Circle, 1 pkg.; School Lane Circle, Mrs. Warner Johnson, 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Sterlingville, Wyoming co., Miss Mary Taylor, Sec'y, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Elk Lake, Susquehanna co., Mrs. Denison Thomas, 1 keg; Ladies' Aid, Tunkhannock, Lycoming co., Miss Rhoda Carey, Sec'y, 1 box; Miss Brown, 124 North 11th st., 1 pkg; Aid Society, Northumberland, H. Jenkins, Sec'y, 1 box, 1 keg; Ladies' Aid, Jackson, Susquehanna co., Mrs. S. M. Foster, Sec'y, 1 bbl.; St. Mark's church, Miss Maria Williams, 2 pkgs.; Ladies' Aid, Middleburg, Tioga co., Miss D. A. McClean, Sec'y, box No. 2; Ladies' Aid, Little Meadows, Susquehanna co., Mrs. H. L. Beardslee, 1 keg; Vaughan Sewing Circle, Mrs. Furness, 1 pkg; St. Martin's church, Marcus Hook, Rev. I. A. Stone, Sec'y, 1 pkg.; M. E. church, Pottsville, Mrs. Thompson, Sec'y, 1 box; Sanitary Aid Society, through Miss Smith, 1 pkg; Anonymous, 1 pkg.; Dr. Brainerd's church, 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Radnor, Del. co., 6 pkgs.; Colored Ladies' Lincoln Association, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Reading, Bucks co., Mrs. Nicolls, Sec'y, 5 boxes; church of the Holy Trinity, Mrs. Edward Law, 4 pkgs.; Germantown Field Hos. Association, Miss Zell, Sec'y, 1 box; Cherry Flatts, Tioga co., Mrs. Oliver Elliot, 1 box; Soldiers' Aid, Hillsgrove, Mrs. Lippincott, 1 box; Soldiers' Aid, Wellsboro, Tioga co., Miss Lucy E. Moore, Sec'y, 1 box.

THE GOLD SPECULATION.—The Hon. H. G. Stebbins, of New York, who is himself the President of the Board of Brokers in New York city, in a speech which he made in Congress a few days ago, put this matter of gold speculation in its true light. He said:—

"There are artificial means constantly being used to influence the price of gold. These means have been employed since the suspension of specie payments. They have increased from month to month for the past year, just in proportion to the growth of speculation, which to-day exceeds in volume anything ever before known in the history of civilization. It has become necessary for the safety of this huge structure of illegitimate traffic that the price of gold should continue to rise in respect to the currency; and, sir, it will not be permitted to decline, if human ingenuity and human effort can prevent it. Such a state of things must give birth to every species of device and to every kind of artificial process. They will come in the form of misrepresentations of the military situation of the country, and exaggerated statements of any defeats in the field; they will be in the shape of extensive combinations for the temporary purchase of the floating gold in the market; in the false statements as to the character and condition of the public debt, and of the objects and designs of the government; and all this is rendered more easily available by the ignorance that is permitted to prevail as to the resources and power of the nation."

☞ The late Duke of Athol was a character. He "lived always in his kilt, employed himself in hunting and sheep breeding, ruled his little territory like a king, was beloved by his clan, and while dying with a cancer in his throat gave a parting hurrah to the queen."

LATEST NEWS.

A special Washington dispatch announces that Gen. Grant has been appointed to the command of all the armies of the United States. Gen. Halleck is to be Chief of Staff of the army at Washington. Sherman is to take Grant's late command, and McPherson will take charge of Sherman's corps.

A cavalry force sent by Gen. Butler to King and Queen Court-house, to deal with the parties who ambushed Col. Dahlgren, crossed from their camp, near Carrollton's store, and from the Court-house, the 5th and 6th Virginia cavalry and citizens, the whole numbering 1,200 men. A large quantity of grain and a number of mills and store-houses were burned.

The Louisville Democrat has a confirmation that Longstreet has sent his wagon train to Richmond, and that he is marching his army to North Carolina.

Natchez advices to the 3d place the rebel forces in West Louisiana at from 5,000 to 6,000. The rebels are fortifying Fort Derosiee, on the Clark river, and Fort Trinity, on the Ouachita river. These rebel rams are said to be building below Shreveport. At the mouth of the Red river there is quite a fleet of Union iron-clads and rams.

Advices from New Orleans to the 6th have been received by the steamer Morning Star at New York. Gen. Sherman arrived at New Orleans on the 3d. Transports are rapidly bringing troops back from Texas. Michael Hahn, Governor elect, was inaugurated on the 4th with imposing ceremonies. Mrs. Gen. Beauregard died on the 2d, and her funeral on the 4th was the largest ever seen in New Orleans. No news had been received from Admiral Farragut.

CHINESE WINTER DRESS.

In the north of China, where the winter is very severe, the inhabitants adopt a curious mode of protecting themselves against the cold. They put on one suit of clothes over another, until they carry about with them their whole wardrobe, their figure being thereby considerably increased in bulk. As the spring comes on they gradually discard these supernumerary vestments and regain their ordinary dimensions. There is one peculiarity, however, which is worthy of notice, that notwithstanding the amount of clothing with which they envelope their body and limbs, they invariably leave the throat quite unprotected, however intense the cold. As they do not suffer from coughs, and very rarely from disease of the lungs, we must conclude that the exposure of the throat has a beneficial result, and in this respect we might take a hint from the Celestials. They take more care, however, of their auricular appendages, those of all classes being protected from frost-bite by small embroidered cases called "uhr-tan," fitting exactly over the ear, and lined with rabbit or squirrel skin! These are connected by a thin cord, which passes round the wearer's chin, or upper lip, and thus keeps them in place.

From this description of the winter garments of those singular people, the Chinese, I cannot help thinking the cunning Celestials have discovered, perhaps unwittingly, a very important fact; it is, that by means of the stratum or layer of air which must exist between each of their numerous suits of clothes, the radiation of heat from the body is retarded in its passage to the cold outer air. Thus it is retained in its original temperature for a much longer period than if it had merely to pass through one garment and stratum of air; each of these strata, also, being naturally warmer than the last as they approach the body, the outer air in coming to it reaches it considerably modified in temperature. Thus, for the same reason, we shall find two thin pairs of gloves warmer than one thick one.

WINTER.

☞ A factory girl at Lewistown, had a silk dress worth thirty-five dollars stolen from her last week. Talk about hard times when our factory operatives dress in silk and satins!

☞ The present line officers of the 14th Maine have, with one exception, been promoted from the ranks since the regiment entered the service.

☞ A Paris surgeon has made a new tongue to replace one lost by cancer. The man who uses it talks, tastes, and swallows perfectly.

☞ The Bohemian is the twenty-fourth steamship, running between Europe and America, that has been lost at sea.

☞ The two Houses of Congress can't agree on their whiskey bill. Men are apt to differ over ther liquor.

☞ John G. Whittier, the poet, states that while William Lloyd Garrison was in prison in Baltimore, in 1830, Henry Clay wrote from Lexington, Kentucky, to a friend in Baltimore, "directing him to pay the fine and costs, and liberate Mr. Garrison." This fact has not been publicly known until very recently.

☞ Married, on Moose Head Lake, forty rods from the shore, on Wednesday, 17th ult., (mercury 20 deg. below zero,) by J. H. Eveleth, Esq., Mr. Samuel Dalton to Miss Maria Hartford.

☞ Harry Macarty, well known as the "Arkansas Comedian," and the author of the proscribed songs of "The Bonny Blue Flag," "The Volunteer," "Missouri," and other airs, died recently near Atlanta, Georgia.

☞ It is said that Mrs. Somerville, now in her eighty-second year, is engaged upon and has nearly finished a scientific work of great labor and importance.

THE FIRST SNOWDROP.

Still far in the South is the sunshine of Spring;
Pretty snowdrop, then tell me what bringeth thee here?
What tempts thee thy fairy-like flowers to fling
On the snow-drift and storm, when all nature is drear?

Oh, wert thou too weary of Winter's long night?
Did a chance ray of sunshine thine instinct beguile?
Or vanity tempt thee, in garment of white,
To mock at the snow-flake, less bright than thy smile?

Ah no! Pretty snowdrop, forgive me the thought;
While thy white bud so meekly, so tremblingly bends,
No Fancy, by Folly or Vanity taught,
With thy musings of beautiful purity blends.

But rather, methinks, 'tis to solace the weary,
On the bosom of Winter thou lovest to bloom;
To teach us, no season is ever so dreary
But a flower may be springing to brighten its gloom.

Like the snow that lies heavy upon thy frail flower,
Desolation and grief on our bosom may press,
And colder than thou in thine ice wreathed bower,
Are they that can find not a friend to caress.

Then why should we shrink, while thy delicate form
Is safe in His care from the wings of the blast?
Why lift not our hearts in the midst of life's storm,
And our hopes and our fears on His tenderness cast?

THE UNINVITED GUEST.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY CHIRICANO.

The 13th of December, 1852, was a gala day in the town of D——, the capitol and residence of the Governor of the province of Chiriqui. It was the celebration of the anniversary of their Declaration of Independence from the old mother country, Spain.

The Governor had arranged for a grand "*corrida de torros*," (bull-fight,) also a banquet, to which all the nobles and elite were invited, and to wind up in the evening with a *bal masque*.

The neighboring cattle estates were levied on to select the wildest and most ferocious bulls for the grand occasion. Don E. R., of San Pablo, furnished eight fine huge fellows from his famous Mexican breed.

The town was alive at sunrise; flags and banners were flying from windows, doors, house-tops, and every eligible position; red, white and blue curtains gayly floated from every balcony their rich folds to the breeze, while admiring groups of young and old spectators shouted and clapped their hands in joyous glee. The military were out in their full strength, with martial music and waving standards, marching and countermarching, until they reached the main square, where his Excellency the Governor, surrounded by his staff, reviewed them. Cavalry, infantry and artillery vied with each other, which could make the grandest and most imposing display. Cannon belched forth with sulphurous thunder, making the surrounding hills reverberate with their loud echoes. Musketry, pistols, fire-crackers, and squibs, in fine, every invention of villainous saltpetre joined in to bring up the grand reserve that day.

There was a grand procession, headed by his Excellency the Governor; and all the high civil and military functionaries, accompanied by a large concourse of citizens, repaired to the church to chant a grand *Te Deum* in honor of the commemoration.

The whole town was filled with visitors from the surrounding country for miles; every house and shanty was filled; in short, the whole population, young and old, of both sexes, were determined to enjoy themselves to their full extent.

These patriotic amusements were to last for three days, but nearly all their patriotism evaporated in about a day and a half, when nature began to flag and show signs of fatigue. I often wondered what our universal, restless Yankee nation would do if they were forced to celebrated three such days on their national anniversary.

We, the distinguidos estrangeros, (distinguished strangers,) as they styled us, received our cards of invitation, to honor with our presence the grand and imposing festival. We were expected to "look in at ten A. M. sharp," to hobnob with the vast assemblage from the executive down to the humble *sacristan*, (sexton,) in sundry potations, to touch glasses and make complimentary speeches on the great and glorious event. Here was a dilemma, for among the very distinguished strangers in town was our very distinguished self, who was so unfortunate as to have a heavy fit of that delectable malady, the Chagres fever, and was expecting to have quite a shake that day, and did not feel inclined to participate in the manual labor of pressing hands and dislocating arms with ever one hundred and fifty at least, so we sat down and indicted a polite note to his Excellency, Don P——, to count us out, and lay one cover less, as the positive orders from our physician were to keep cool, and eschew the imbibing of cerbesa, (ale,) and all other deleterious liquids, as well as an overloaded stomach.

His Excellency, on the receipt of our note of excuse, immediately sent his secretary, Don Pepe, with a message, that he (the secretary) was to convey us nolens volens to his residence without delay. He would accept no excuse. The doctor came to our rescue by representing a relapse if we were to indulge in such gastronomic hilarity. But our young friend would not admit he could see the point, so we had to go.

The company had already begun to assemble, and were then engaged in emptying a few dozens of his Excellency's ale and wine, in honor of the great day. We were kindly furnished with the Governor's hammock to rest in while the company were indulging themselves in drinking.

Notwithstanding our being on the invalid list, his Excellency forced us to drink some of his Scotch ale, which quite invigorated us. Finally, we concluded to remain and participate in the festivities of the day, to enjoy ourselves in a moderate way, and, to confess the truth, we missed having the fever that day, and never felt better.

The fiesta, (feast,) to speak the truth, was becoming quite interesting. Every person was pleased with the order and decorum which were displayed throughout the scene.

The Plaza Mayor (great square) was fenced in, and seats and platforms were erected for the spectators to witness the baiting. At the end of the square there was an enclosure, in which eight huge bovine monsters were confined, and one at a time was let out to be tormented, till the last one had played his part. As soon as any of the animals showed signs of fatigue, or refused to be on sociable terms with the baiters, they were allowed to make their escape into the adjoining fields, and another was admitted.

The Governor and staff, with some ladies, occupied the largest scaffold or platform. A band of music took the next. We, the distinguished foreign guests, had our seats adjoining the executive platform. The citizens were scattered round in different places to suit their own convenience. The animals, in their turn, showed great courage and endurance, and now and then would give some unfortunate wight a toss who ventured too near with carpet and lance in hand. However, no one was injured, except some slight bruises and contusions, which were scarcely noticed.

There was one fine old bull that refused to be coaxed or forced to participate in the general amusement at his expense. The populace goaded him with sticks and poles through the apertures of the pen, and tried to stir him up with their carpets and fire-crackers, but it was of no use, he would not leave the enclosure, waiting patiently for his turn, when he would have all the field to himself.

The exhibition continued until 5 P. M., when we all retired from the scene of action, except a few of the populace that were trying to drive the eighth bull from his pen. The invited portion of the community at the banquet accompanied his Excellency, the Governor, to his mansion, preceded by the band of music, which, in connection with the good cheer of solids and fluids of our liberal entertainer, was to render the scene more lively and pleasant.

After cleansing ourselves of the dust and dirt the bulls had scattered over us in the Market square, we took a recess of half an hour to rest ourselves, and chatter over the events of the day, then prepared to do justice to our host's viands before us.

The large *salade audiencia* (audience chamber) of the mansion had been converted into a dining saloon, very tastefully decorated with arches and wreaths of *sauces*, (evergreens,) together with the flags of Grenada, Spain, France, England, and the United States, gracefully displayed, the folds entwined together, making the whole effect a theme of admiration to the invited company.

We sat down to dine at 6 P. M. The Governor took the head of the table. The Secretary sat at the foot of it; and we were placed on his right hand. The other guests were distributed promiscuously.

Affairs progressed finely. The first course was soup with claret, then came the roasts of beef, turkey, and other sundry meats, flooded with cerbesa, (ale,) the boiled dishes made their appearance, which were moistened by portions of Madeira and sherry, and lastly, the dessert, mingled with pies of such pyramidal height that General Thomas Thumb might have ensconced himself in one of them; they were diluted with champagne (!) cider, I fancied, from the crab apple land of steady habits.

We were getting along famously at the conclusion of our banquet. Coffee, cigars and brandy were brought in at the last.

Some of our party, I regret to record here began to manifest certain unmistakeable signs of having their equilibrium seriously disturbed; with their confused optics fancied they saw two decanters in place of one, and in reaching out for one grasped at vacancy. Others attempted to fill their glasses upside down, spilling the wine on the clothes of their neighbors. Another endeavored to translate into French our Declaration of Independence to a native sitting near him, while another approached a candelabra to light his cigar, having in mistake picked up a three-pronged fork, and was pouring imprecations on the head of the importer for selling such trash.

The more moderate of us concluded to wend our way homeward and refresh ourselves, to attend the ball, the finishing stroke of the day's festivity, which opened at 11 P. M.

We were scattered in groups smoking and chatting together, getting ready to bow ourselves out from the presence of our worthy host. Our friend B—— was just in the act of making his best *salam* to a huge darkey waiter standing near a side window, and whom he addressed as: "your Excellency, (sic,) I have the honor to (sic) address—" When a crash and rush was heard at the door, and a cry of:

"Viene el torro bravo!" (Here comes the mad bull!)

Sure enough there stood his bovine majesty in the act of making his best bow to us. He had charged through his enclosure, scattering the populace, and made his way direct to the Governor's mansion to pay his respects.

In his travels he had knocked down several small fry, but disdained to notice them further, and wended his way to seek more noble prey.

The musicians, poor fellows, had been in attendance nearly all day, and were blowing their *finale*, when the bull, attracted by the sound of the instruments, and the red flag at the door, concluded to look in to greet his friends at 8 P. M. He made short work of them. The big viol was sent forty feet into the air, gyrating a la Gabriel Ravel, and came down smashed. The *tambour mayor* (big drum) met the same fate. Trombone No. 1, which his majesty particularly admired, being so much in unison with his own vocal powers when in active service, shared the same disaster, while the minor pieces of less importance were soon *non est inventus* at short notice.

The infuriated animal then dashed into the dining saloon, with a clean sweep over the table to the back door opposite. Everything was smashed, tables, plates, bottles, glasses and all! Fortunately, none of the guests were near the door, but were scattered in groups in different parts of the room, thus we all escaped being injured.

The fellow found his way to the culinary department in the yard, and surveyed for awhile the menial throng, but disdaining to pay attention to such *dark* objects, very deliberately walked out unmolested through the back gate into the fields.

Our worthy Governor, Don P——, at the first onset very naturally concluded a revolution had broken out, and rushed to the scene of danger, calling on his *amigos valientes* (brave friends) to aid him in repelling the assault. But I am sorry to say very few volunteers answered his patriotic call, for most of them were nearly placed *hors du combat* by a more powerful and insidious foe! and had such an enemy made his appearance as Don P—— supposed, we would have made but a feeble resistance.

All was a scene of confusion. No one was able to restore order. The company dispersed, some one way and some another. A few of us remained with the Governor surveying the broken remains of the banquet, and laughed at the joke.

The *fete* being over, and no contusions or bones broken to complain of, we finally made our way home with the exception of friend B——, who, in his retreat from the scene of action, found himself near a small stream of water behind the Executive Mansion, in which he concluded to take a bath to refresh his heated imagination.

Some of the natives in the vicinity found him sitting in the water, with pantaloons and boots on, but minus his coat and hat. They very properly conducted the distinguished Caballero to our lodgings, telling us where and how he was found, but no one could discover any clue to the loss of the coat and hat.

The *bal masque* took place, but few of us honored it with our presence, having seen enough for one day at least. We concluded to remain at home and recuperate from the fatigue and surfeit. The excitement and amusement we had gone through during the last twelve hours, we believe had a tendency to break our fever, for we had no return of it for a year at least.

The next day we called to pay our respects to the Governor, who showed us the wreck and destruction the bull had caused at the banquet. It was too bad, but we consoled ourselves that nothing worse had taken place, and finally laughed heartily at the occurrence. The affair was a theme of gossip and merriment for a long time, and the uninvited guest was praised for his valor in scattering such a host of warriors in the celebration of their Independence day.

☞ A young man advertises in a New Jersey paper for a situation as son-in-law in a respectable family. Would have no objection, he says, to go a short distance into the country.

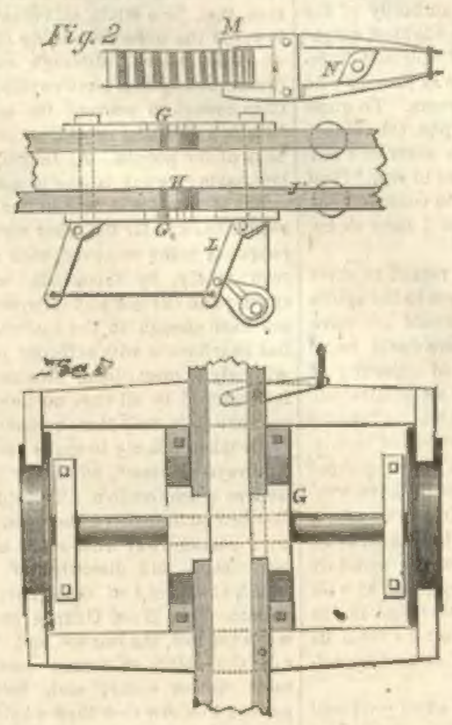
☞ The man who relies upon his own thoughts for success, *skulls* himself along the stream of life.

☞ What do we seek redress for? Injuries. Where do we find it? In juries.

Marsh's Plan for Ascending the WHITE MOUNTAINS BY STEAM.

[SEE ENGRAVING ON FIRST PAGE.]

As the cost of building railroads is very much increased by the natural inequalities of the country through which the line runs, it is apparent to the most superficial thinker that if engines could be made to disregard those inequalities and ascend or descend steep grades with as much facility as ordinary engines run over levels, one great expense in the construction of railroads would be very much reduced. The subject of ascending heavy grades by loaded cars has long attracted much attention among railroad authorities and those concerned in such enterprises, and many lines are now working wherein trains are daily drawn up acclivities of very sharp angles with the ordinary surface of the earth. These lines, however, dodge the question, so to speak, as they do not accomplish the object by the direct application of the engine to the train, but through the agency of stationary engines and wire ropes wound on windlasses. In this manner a very steep incline at Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania, is worked. On the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the trains run over the Alleghany Mountains by winding along the sides in a zig-zag manner, or as a sailor would say by tacking back and forth until the summit is passed. This plan increases the distance enormously, although the object is attained.



In England this subject is attracting considerable attention at the present time, in consequence of experiments recently made by an inventor named "Fell," who, on a certain occasion, ascended a very steep incline of 1 foot in 12, distance—200 yards, and another of 1 foot rise in 13, length—500 feet, with a 16-ton locomotive and four cars loaded with 26 tuns of ballast. He ascended and descended this grade with the utmost facility; the principle he adopted being a central track between the two others, said track being gripped by two strong wheels worked horizontally, or with their axes vertical. This English plan is nothing new, as we ourselves rode on an engine (in this city) which ran in a vacant lot in 22nd street, some 18 years ago, the track and engine being constructed the same as Mr. Fell's. We may add that it was the invention of an American mechanic, named "Sees," and the experiment was successful.

The engraving herewith presented represents a new plan for a "mountain" locomotive; it is the invention of Sylvester Marsh, of this city, and is intended to overcome the steepest gradients and turn the sharpest curves with facility and safety. The engine is a "pusher" and has a vertical boiler, as shown; this plan being preferable, and indeed indispensable on account of the nature of grades, or the difference which exists between them. This boiler sets in the frame, A, which also sustains the engine, the fuel, and the water tank. The fuel is carried forward and requires the services of an additional hand, or it may be carried on the foot-board of the engine if desired; the water tank is directly under the foot board at B; it is between the frame and so constructed as to be out of the way of the machinery. The engines are of the usual locomotive pattern, outside, connected and geared. As the machine is shown in the engraving it would make very slow progress, and the idea of the inventor is merely illustrated and not the actual plan of construction. The truck wheels behind will be replaced by small drivers and the forward truck made with the usual arrangements, four wheeled, springs, &c., as in all the modern locomotives.

The gear which assists the locomotive in ascending the grade is thus arranged:—

The engines are connected to a shaft and crank at C, and upon this shaft there is a pinion, D, which meshes into the large gear, E, one of which is provided for each engine, upon this latter gear-shaft there is a large spur wheel, F, working in a rack laid between tracks. Of course when the engines are started the force exerted by them is communicated to the hind axle through the pinion, D, and thus the engine ascends. To aid the adhesion of the engine to the rails and prevent any liability of upsetting, there are two stout arms, G, underneath the engine (shown in detail at Fig. 2,) which have rollers, H, on their extremities, and said rollers run on the under side of the rack-rail as at I, in the large engraving. There are also two side plates, J, having four or more wheels set in them, which grip the central track so that in addition to the mechanical power afforded by the gears mentioned previously, this central or roller frame adds very greatly to the ascensive power of the machine. This roller frame may be worked by separate engines if it is found necessary, though it is preferred to simplify the engine as much as possible by having a superabundance of piston area in the large cylinders, which can be used for the purpose set forth. This roller frame moves sideways and is thrown in and out of connection with the track at pleasure from the foot-board by the levers, L, and suitable apparatus above.

For descending heavy grades the hold-back gear, independent of the reversing or back pressure afforded by the cylinders, is thus arranged. The main spur wheel is gripped by a set of brakes as at M, Fig. 2, which are worked by a cam, N, from the foot-board of the engine; these brakes have friction rollers, and a heavy strain can be thrown on the wheel so as to retard its velocity. There are also preventer pawls as at O, Fig. 1, which must be thrown out when backing down, their principal use is to act as a safeguard in ascending. The wheels of the truck carriage under the passenger car are also rigged with the same friction gear and brakes as those described on the engine, and as the power and the strength of these parts can be increased indefinitely, they furnish efficient preventives against disaster, should the rack give way or other accident happen to the engines. There are also the usual block or wooden brakes applied to the periphery of the truck wheels.

The state of New Hampshire has granted Mr. Marsh an exclusive charter for twenty years to ascend the White Mountains by steam. The invention examined by many of the first railroad men and others of scientific reputation; these gentlemen have considered it both possible and feasible. The distance up the mountain is not over three miles, and it is intended to ascend very slowly, say in an hour. There is any quantity of timber at the foot of the mountain, and one great advantage of this enterprize would be to afford a means of taking lumber and other materials to the top of Mount Washington, for the purpose of erecting a large hotel on its summit; this hotel could be kept without the difficulties now in the way, if this road was in operation. If those who would be benefitted by such an enterprize will lend their aid, it can be completed in two years. The cost will not be great, as no uniform grade is required according to this plan; thus avoiding all expense of blasting and grading for the superstructure. Letters of inquiry must be addressed to Sylvester Marsh, Esq., Box 3,047, New York City, by whom this invention has been patented.—*Scientific American.*

☞ The other evening a gentleman's button caught hold of the fringe of a lady's shawl. "I am attached to you," said the gentleman, laughing, while he was industriously trying to get loose. "The attachment is mutual," was the good-humored reply.

☞ 'Tis a sad thing when men have neither heart enough to speak well, nor judgment enough to hold their tongues; this is the foundation of all impertinence.

☞ Whenever the wandering demon of drunkenness finds a ship adrift, he steps on board, takes the helm, and steers straight for the Maelstrom.

☞ If a man marry a shrew, are we to suppose he is shrewd?

"I'M GOING TO DO IT."

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

"Now, mother, isn't Hal to provoking? He promised to take me strawberrying with him, and now he's gone and left me," cried Jessie, trying to keep back her tears.

"Our Hal broken his promise?" Her mother could hardly believe it.

"Why, no, mother, I suppose not, exactly. You see, he said I might go if I would be ready at two o'clock, and I was just going to put on my things, when he started off as hard as he could run. There he is now, away down the other side of the common!" she added, with a little sob.

"And it is a quarter past two. Why didn't you get ready in time?"

"I didn't think it was so late. Besides, I was going as soon as I had finished Dolly's apron. But Hal said the rest were waiting, and he could not stay another minute."

"And you don't blame him, Jessie? He had no right to keep the other children waiting, any more than you had to keep him. I am sorry you have lost your afternoon's pleasure, just because you were behind the time; but you can do nothing now but make the best of it, and learn that while you are '*just going*,' your chance may be *just gone*."

Jessie, who had early learned that "it is of no use to cry for spilt milk," drew a deep sigh, and sat down to console herself with a book.

By-and-by her mother put down her workbasket, and went out of the room, saying—

"Jessie, dear, look after the baby, and don't let him get out of your sight."

"Yes, mother, I'll watch him. Here, Birdie, come see what Jessie has got!"

Baby took the china doll she gave him, tasted of its head, pounded the floor with it, shook it as a cat would a mouse, and then crept off on an exploring expedition. Presently, Jessie heard a crash and a cry that made her heart stand still. She rushed into the next room, and there sat baby Dick on the floor, covered with bits of broken glass, and a little stream of blood running down his white forehead. He had pulled over and broken a vase on his own head. His screams soon brought their mother, and while she was bathing the wound, Jessie stood by, saying—

"I had missed him, and was just going after him, when I heard him cry. Poor little Dick!"

"If you had only *gone*, my daughter, instead of *meaning* to go," was the sober answer, "he would have been saved this sad wound."

When Jessie's mother went up to bed with her that night, she asked her,

"Has this been a pleasant day to my little girl?"

"No, mother, it has been the worst kind of day. In the first place, I was late at school this morning, and that put me out of humor for the whole forenoon. Then I couldn't go with Hal; and, worst of all, poor baby got hurt. It has been a day of misfortunes."

"And every one of them has happened because you were 'just going to do all those things,' instead of *doing*."

Jessie unlaced her boots in sober silence. At last she said,

"But I never mean to be late."

"Of course you don't. But the mischief is, my child, that you feel as if it were all well enough as long as you are '*just going to*' do your duty. This is a great mistake. 'Just going to do a thing' amounts to nothing. *Do it.* Don't stop to *mean* to do it."

And Mrs. Richmond spoke so earnestly that Jessie looked up into her face, and said,

"Why, mother, what makes you care so much about it? Do you think I'm so very bad?"

Her mother took her in her arms, and answered—

"I am sick at heart, Jessie, because I am afraid 'just going to do' will spoil your whole life. It cheats you out of your pleasures, and hinders you from your duties; and sometimes, Jessie, I am dreadfully afraid that when my darling comes to heaven's gate at last, and her Father asks, 'My child, did you give your heart to me down on the earth?' my poor child will have to say, 'O Lord, I always meant to do so. I was *just going to give it*, when death took me away.'"

The last words sank to a whisper, and Jessie felt hot tears dropping on her head. She sank down on her knees, and prayed earnestly to God.

BE PUNCTUAL.—By punctuality we do not mean the merely being in time for lecturer, dinners, &c., but that spirit out of which punctuality grows—that love of accuracy, precision and vigor which make efficient men and women—the determination that what you have to do shall be done, in spite of all petty obstacles, and finished off at once and finally. We believe there is a story told of Nelson and his coachmaker, which is worthy of being recorded. When he was on the eve of departing for one of his great expeditions, the coachmaker said to him—"The carriage shall be at the door, punctually at the door, at six o'clock." "A quarter before," said Nelson. "I have always been a quarter of an hour before my time, and it has made a man of me."

THE BROTHER OF MERCY.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Piero Luca, known of all the town
As the gray porter by the Pitti wall,
Where the noon shadows of the gardens fall,
Sick and in dolor, waited to lay down
His last sad burden, and beside his mat
The barefoot monk of La Certosa sat.

Unseen, in square and blossoming garden drifted,
Soft sunset lights through green Val d' Arno sifted;
Unheard, below the living shuttles shifted
Backward and forth, and wove, in love or strife,
In mirth or pain, the mottled web of life;
But when at last came upward from the street
Tinkle of bell and tread of measured feet,
The sick man started, strove to rise in vain,
Sinking back heavily with a moan of pain.
And the monk said, "'Tis but the Brotherhood
Of Mercy going on some errand good;
Their black masks by the palace-wall I see."
Piero answered faintly, "Woe is me!
This day for the first time in forty years
In vain the bell hath sounded in my ears,
Calling me with my brethren of the mask,
Beggar and prince alike, to some new task
Of love or pity—haply from the street
To bear a wretch plague-stricken, or, with feet
Hushed to the quickened ear and feverish brain,
To tread the crowded lazaretto's floors,
Down the long twilight of the corridors,
'Midst tossing arms and faces full of pain.
I loved the work: it was its own reward.
I never counted on it to offset
My sins, which are many, or make less my debt
To the free grace and mercy of our Lord;
But somehow, father, it has come to be
In these long years so much a part of me,
I should not know myself, if lacking it;
But with the work the worker too would die,
And in my place some other self would sit
Joyful or sad—what matters, if not I?
And now all's over. Woe is me!"—"My son,"
The monk said soothingly, "thy work is done;
And no more as a servant, but the guest
Of God thou enterest thy eternal rest.
No toil, no tears, no sorrow for the lost
Shall mar thy perfect bliss. Thou shalt sit down
Clad in white robes, and wear a golden crown
Forever and forever."—Piero tossed
On his sick pillow: "Miserable me!
I am too poor for such grand company;
The crown would be too heavy for this gray
Old head; and God forgive me, if I say,
It would be hard to sit there night and day,
Like an image in the Tribune, doing naught
With these hard hands, that all my life have wrought,
Not for bread only, but for pity's sake.
I'm dull at prayers: I could not keep awake,
Counting my beads. Mine's but a crazy head,
Scarce worth the saving, if all else be dead.
And if one goes to heaven without a heart,
God knows he leaves behind his better part.
I love my fellow-men; the worst I know
I would do good to.' Will death change me so
That I shall sit among the lazy saints,
Turning a deaf ear to the sore complaints
Of souls that suffer? Why, I never yet
Left a poor dog in the *strada* hard beset,
Or ass o'erladen! Must I rate man less
Than dog or ass, in holy selfishness?
Methinks (Lord, pardon, if the thought be sin!)
The world of pain were better, if therein
One's heart might still be human, and desires
Of natural pity drop upon its fires
Some cooling tears."
Thereat the pale monk crossed
His brow, and muttering, "Madman! thou art lost!"
Took up his pyx and fled; and, left alone,
The sick man closed his eyes with a great groan
That sank into a prayer, "Thy will be done!"

Then was he made aware, by soul or ear,
Of somewhat pure and holy bending o'er him,
And of a voice like that of her who bore him,
Tender and most compassionate: "Be of cheer!
For heaven is love, as God Himself is love;
Thy work below shall be thy work above."
And when he looked, lo! in the stern monk's place
He saw the shining of an angel's face!

—*Atlantic Monthly for March.*

LOST SIR MASSINGBERD.

CHAPTER VIII.

MEETING HIS MATCH.

Sir Massingberd's unlooked-for entrance into the drawing-room at the Dovecot had a result that must seem almost farcical to those who read it, but which to me, who dwelt among his trembling vassals, and had learned, day by day, to fear and hate him more and more, had nothing in it extraordinary. I, Peter Meredith, bolted straightway into the conservatory, and there ensconced myself within the shadow of an orange-tree, while the Rev. Matthew Long left the room with equal celerity by the door. As for me, I confess that I was actuated by panic on my own account; my tutor's apprehensions were aroused on behalf of another. The instant after he disappeared, I heard the lock of the library door shut into its staple, and knew that Marmaduke was in a friend's keeping, and safe from any incursion of his uncle. I could see that Mr. Gerard knew this too, for a gleam of pleasure passed over his face, and then left it determined, defiant, and almost mocking, as when he had first set eyes upon the intruder. There was a fire in the otherwise darkening room, and from my place of concealment, I could watch the lineaments of both its inmates—and two more resolved and haughty countenances I had never beheld.

"Is it the custom of your respectable family, Sir Massingberd Heath," observed my host, "to force themselves into houses whose owners do not desire the honor of their presence?"

"It is their custom to hold their own, sir," answered the baronet curtly; "and I am come after my nephew."

It is impossible to convey the effect which this audacious speech had upon me, its unseen hearer; unblushing, scornfully open as it was, an awful threat seemed to lie within it, and above all, a consciousness of the power to carry it into effect. Even Mr. Gerard, who could have had no knowledge of the things that I knew, and had never heard the history of Grimjaw, seemed to feel a tremor as he listened.

"Your nephew, sir, is not in a condition to receive you," returned my host. "The consequences of seeing you might, I do not hesitate to say, be fatal to him."

"The opinion of his medical man is different," observed Sir Massingberd with a sneer. "Dr. Sitwell—a most estimable person, I should say, and endowed with excellent sense—has been so very kind as to ride over himself to Fairburn as soon as he could leave his patient, in order to apprise me exactly how the matter stands. He recommends my seeing Marmaduke in his first lucid interval—'There is no knowing,' said he, 'whether that may not be your poor dear nephew's last.'"

"Your poor dear nephew," repeated Mr. Gerard with great distinctness. "Very dear, doubtless, but not what one would call poor, at least in the matter of expectations."

"Poor or rich, sir," retorted the other, "he has been placed in my hands as being those most fitted to take care of him."

Mr. Gerard shrugged his shoulders, and smiled sardonically.

"You seem to conceive that confidence misplaced, sir," continued the baronet. "The want of your good opinion afflicts me beyond measure. I am aware that I fail to satisfy pious persons in some particulars, but that Mr. Harvey Gerard's susceptibilities should be offended is indeed a serious consideration; it is as though the devil himself should cry 'For shame!'"

"Sir Massingberd Heath, you are under my roof, although unbidden and unwelcome," returned my host; "your tongue, therefore, is chartered, so far as I am concerned. I could not, I confess, help my countenance expressing some astonishment when you spoke of your fitness for the education of youth."

There was a pause here for which I could not account. Sir Massingberd's eyes were riveted upon something on which the firelight danced and shone. I should very much misrepresent the baronet's character, and probably even exaggerate his capabilities, if I said he blushed, but certainly his countenance changed. Then he broke out fiercely; "I live as I choose, sir, and am answerable to no man, least of all to you. The parsons had their say, and have got their reply long ago, but am I also to be arraigned by—"

"You cannot justify yourself by any quarrel with me," interrupted Mr. Gerard. "I have, as you say, although not for the foolish reason you would mention, no right to be either your judge or accuser. But, Sir Massingberd, there is a God whom we have both good cause to fear."

"So you make your own sermons, I perceive!" exclaimed the other bitterly. "That is the reason, is it, why the good folks never see you at church? Can't amuse me always; but religion out of your mouth is humorous indeed. Pray, go on, sir, if my dear nephew can wait a little, for I should be sorry to miss him altogether. You were affirming, I think, the existence of a God."

"I was about to urge," continued Mr. Gerard with grave severity, "since howsoever persons differ on religious matters, they generally acknowledge a common Father, that if there is one crime more hateful to Him than another, it is the deliberate debauchery of the mind of youth. I had no intention of making any particular accusation, such as the sight of this flask seems to have suggested to you. I know nothing—but what I guess—of its history. It has only been in my hands a very few minutes. The person by whose means it came into this house was, I believe, an old gipsy woman, and you are doubtless well aware how it got into her possession."

Mr. Gerard paused. Sir Massingberd who, though smiling scornfully, had been beating the ground with his foot, here observed with a forced calmness:

"She is a liar; she is a thief, and the mother of thieves."

"Did she steal this flask?" inquired Mr. Gerard regarding the other attentively. "It has your crest upon it. She did not. Good. It was then, I suppose, only a *gage d'amour* of yours."

A lurid light came over Sir Massingberd's evil face; for a moment, I trembled for the man who dared to speak such words to him, but almost instantly he recovered his usual cruel calm.

"Your sagacity, Mr. Gerard," returned he, "is truly admirable. Is it the result of experience or intuition? or has this old ginger-faced harridan made you her favored confidant? With your fondness for all such vagabonds I am well acquainted."

"The reprobation of a man like you, Sir Massingberd, should be dearer than the praise of ordinary mortals; but this matter does not concern myself in any way."

The baronet muttered something between his set teeth.

"Pshaw, man!" continued Mr. Gerard with unutterable scorn, "think not to frighten me. I am stronger than you, because I am richer; you are as poor as those very vagabonds whom you despise; your very existence depends upon the alms of a stranger. That you are unscrupulous in your revenges, I do not doubt; but you would have to deal in Harvey Gerard with one who only uses honorable weapons with an honorable foe. If you did me or mine a mischief, I swear to you that I would shoot you like a dog."

The frame of the speaker shook with contemptuous passion; defiant as was his language, it fell far short of the disdain expressed in his tone and manner. It was not in Sir Massingberd's nature to be overawed, but his truculent features no longer maintained their grimaces—their cruel humor. He could not put aside a man like Gerard with a brutal jest. I do not say that he was conscious of his own inferiority, but he knew that his opponent not only did not fear, but actually despised him. This was wormwood.

"I am ashamed," continued Mr. Gerard after a pause, "to have lost my temper with you, Sir Massingberd, upon my own account. I wish to have nothing in common with you, not even a quarrel. We were speaking of this gipsy woman, and you called her thief, and what not. Whatever may be her faults, however, it does not become you to dwell on them; but for her and her prompt assistance, your nephew would not at this moment be alive. Out of this very flask she administered to him—"

So frightful an execration here broke from the baronet's lips, that I anticipated it to be the prelude to a personal assault upon my host. Mr. Gerard, however, stood quietly stirring the fire, with his eyes fixed firmly but calmly on those of Sir Massingberd, just as a mad doctor might regard a dangerous patient.

"That is a very singular exclamation of gratitude," observed Mr. Gerard sardonically, "to one who has just performed you—or at least *yours*—so great a service. It really seems as though you almost regretted that it *was* performed."

A look of deadly hatred had now taken the place of all other expressions on the baronet's face. It forgot even to wear its sneer.

"I have been insulted enough, I think," said he, with a calmness more terrible than wrath. Even as it is, I shall scarcely be able to requite you, though, be sure, I will do my best. But with respect to my errand, I am come here to see my nephew, and that I will do."

"That you shall not do, Sir Massingberd, so surely as this house is mine."

"And who shall prevent me?" exclaimed the baronet, contemptuously measuring his foe from head to foot.

"Not I, sir, indeed," returned Mr. Gerard; "but I will see that my servants put you out of doors by force," and as he spoke he laid his hand upon the bell.

"Before night, then, I shall send for Marmaduke, and he shall be carried back to Fairburn; which, after all, is his proper home, and be there nursed."

"Nursed!" repeated my host hoarsely. "Nursed by the grave-digger, you mean."

Sir Massingberd turned livid and sat down; then, as one who acts in his sleep, he passed his handkerchief once or twice across his forehead. "How dare you speak such things to me!" said he, looking round about him. "To hear you talk, one would think that I had tried to murder the boy."

"I *know* you did," cried Mr. Gerard solemnly, laying his finger upon the baronet's arm. "If your nephew Marmaduke dies, his blood is on your head."

"On mine! how on mine? How, in the name of all the devils, could I have hindered the lad's horse from running away with him?"

"I will tell you how. You might have suffered Mr. Long to purchase a horse for the boy, as he offered to do, and not have sent to London for a confirmed runaway."

"He rode it half-a-dozen times without any harm," replied Sir Massingberd sullenly.

"Yes, with a curb that would have tamed a wild horse fresh from the lasso. But when you took that curb for the keeper's pony—riding with gun in hand for the first time in your life—and sent your nephew forth upon that devil with a snaffle-bridle—nay, I have it yonder, sir—don't lie; you calculated that if what you wished should happen, all would be laid to chance: a change of bridles is an accident like enough to happen; lads are thrown from horseback every day. See, I track your thoughts like slime. Base ruffian! rise; begone from beneath this roof, false coward—"

Sir Massingberd started up like one stung by an adder.

"Yes, I say coward! Heavens! that this creature should still feel the touch of shame! Be off, be off; molest not any one within this house at peril of your life—Murderer—Murderer!"

Without a word, without a glance of reply, Sir Massingberd seized his hat, and hurried from the room. I felt some alarm lest he should make some violent effort to visit Marmaduke; but Mr. Gerard's countenance gave me comfort. He stood quite still, listening with grim satisfaction to the baronet's retreating footsteps.

They were heard for an instant striding along the floor of the hall, and then were exchanged for the sounds of his horse's hoofs urged to speed along the carriage-drive. Sir Massingberd Heath had met for once with his match—and more.

CHAPTER IX.

MR. HARVEY GERARD.

So entirely engrossed had I been with the action and dialogue of the speakers in the preceding scene, that it scarcely struck me while it was going on that I had not paid for my place in the pit in the usual fashion, but was a mere eavesdropper under an orange tree.

So soon as Sir Massingberd was really gone, however, I became conscious of the impropriety of my situation, and not wishing to own what I had done, I stole noiselessly out into the garden, and then re-entered the conservatory, and thereby the drawing-room, as though I had been out of sight and hearing all the time. It was not quite a chivalrous act; but I do not think that the boys of my time, myself included, were quite so honorable and frank as Mr. Tom Brown describes those of the present day to be. There was something, moreover, about Mr. Harvey Gerard which told me he would have loathed a listener, nor have been very ready to have accepted fear as any excuse for my conduct. He was a man of noble bearing, nearly six feet in height, and extremely well formed. He was dressed in a blue lapelled coat, light waistcoat and kerseys, and Hessian boots. These last I had not seen before upon any person, and I remember them well. I think they were the most graceful covering for the leg that has yet been devised, although I own, they may not have been so convenient as the modern knickerbockers. He wore his own gray hair—which was not very usual with persons of his rank of life—and rather long. His features were large, but handsome; and there was a kind of youthful blandness about them which gave his face a most agreeable expression in ordinary. When excited by passion, however, as I had lately seen him, his appearance greatly changed. His thin lips parted contemptuously, and showed his threatening teeth, while his blue eyes, gentle almost to dreaminess, became blood-streaked, and almost started from their sockets. As I now beheld him calmly kindling a lamp on the drawing room table, no one could have been a greater contrast than himself to the man who had just driven Sir Massingberd Heath from the room with such a hail-storm of invective.

"Well, young gentleman," exclaimed he cheerfully, "the enemy is repulsed, you see, although, I confess, your friend the baronet is rather a formidable fellow. He's uncommonly like Front de Bœuf. I daresay you have read the new romance of *Ivanhoe*, have you not?"

"Marmaduke has, sir, I believe," replied I; "but I am sorry to say I am no great reader."

"That is not well, Mr. Meredith: youth is the time for reading. A knowledge of books, if they are sufficiently varied, is halfway towards the knowledge of men. It is true that a student may turn out a fool, because he may have been a book-worm; but the probability is greater of that misfortune befalling one who has been 'no great reader.' I would not say so much, if you were older than you are, and had not plenty of time before you to redeem the past. There is nothing more contemptible than ignorance; save, perhaps"—here he sighed—"than knowledge misapplied. What a dangerous villain would that man be, for instance, who has just been here, had his natural powers been cultivated by study. As it is, he rushes headlong, like the bull." Here he turned upon me gayly. "Did he ever toss you, my young friend?"

"Well, sir," returned I, remembering that interview in the churchyard, "he bellowed at me once a little."

"Did he, my boy, did he?—the cowardly brute! Well, I've put a ring through his nose for a considerable time to come, I flatter myself. I *like* a bull-fight. I think I should have made a capital matador," cried Mr. Gerard, rubbing his hands and laughing.

"How did you—how did you manage to *ring* him, sir?" inquired I with hesitation, for I was curious to see whether Mr. Gerard would make me a confidant of what had passed.

"Oh, I watched him carefully—never took my eyes off him for a moment. When he was calm in his white malice, then I irritated him by waving my red flag—this silver-headed brandy-flask put him in a horrible rage. When he made his rushes, I stood aside, and let him go where he would. When he had exhausted himself, I stepped in, and gave him the steel. I wonder," soliloquised Mr. Gerard aloud, as he slowly paced up and down the room—"I wonder if it would be safe to give him the *coup de grace?*"

"But," said I, "were you not afraid—"

"My dear young friend," said my host with seriousness, but placing his hand kindly upon my shoulder, "an honest man should never be afraid of a fellow-creature. 'Fear God,' it is written; but even the king is only to be honored."

It is impossible to express the grave and noble air with which Mr. Gerard spoke those words: I felt an affectionate awe of him from that moment, which no other person has ever inspired in me.

"But," continued I, "supposing he had made a personal assault upon you; he is perfectly reckless, and a much more powerful man, I should think."

"Very true, my young friend; and indeed at one time I thought he would certainly have done it; that was why I placed the poker in the fire. It would not have been a romantic action; but so sure as he laid finger upon me, I would have played Bailie Nicol Jarvie, and 'burned a hole in him one might put a kail-pat through.' It would have given me genuine pleasure."

"Burned a hole in Sir Massingberd!" cried I aghast.

"Ay, that would I. As it was, I threatened him with my servants; and had he ventured to force his way into yonder room, they should have flogged him, though he were ten times Sir Massingberd. Better men than he are often flogged for less offences. Did you hear of Admiral Flinthert's funeral at Crittenden a month ago or so? You did; and I daresay you were told that he was a good man and a brave sailor."

"So it was said, indeed, sir," replied I. "Mr. Long attended the funeral out of respect, and I believe a great number of gentlemen of the county."

"Yet, for all that, he was a bad man, and a coward," returned Mr. Gerard, his voice rising, and his blue eyes flashing with indignation. "One part of the naval creed—'to hate the French'—it is true, he did believe, and acted in that faith; but he omitted the other, and the more important, 'to hate the devil.' He loved and served the devil of his own arrogant passions; he made the men miserable over whom he ruled; his ship was called the Floating Hell. When the carriage of the lord-lieutenant had driven away from the church, with all its load of sympathy—for there was nothing else inside it—and the county gentry were rolling homewards congratulating themselves that they had paid due reverence to a gallant officer and a friend of order and good government, I will tell you what happened. The very evening those honored remains were laid in their resting-place, a sailor called at the house of old Marks, the sexton, and begged to be shown the admiral's coffin. 'I have sailed with him for years,' said he, 'and I have made right way from Portsmouth on purpose to do this; and though I cannot see his face, I should like at least to look upon that which contains it.'"

"Now, old Marks did not fancy unlocking the church, and descending into a damp vault; beside which, he had really no right to enter the last home of the Flinthorts without due occasion. So said he:

"'I cannot admit you to where the admiral lies, and certainly not at this hour; it is as much as my place is worth.'

"Then the sailor, who was as fine and hearty-looking a man, said Marks, as need be, held up half a sovereign between his finger and thumb.

"'I have been just paid off,' said he, 'and will gladly give you this for your trouble: while as for your scruples, why, don't you think the admiral's family here, and all his great friends who came to do him honor to-day, would be glad enough that a poor tar should pay a humble tribute to his memory?'

"'Well,' said Marks, regarding, I daresay, the half sovereign rather wistfully, 'what you have just said seems certainly to alter the matter. I will take you to the church, and you shall see the coffin, for the vault is not yet sealed.'

"So they started with a lantern, and Marks was for going first to show the way, but the sailor went ahead, saying that he knew the road blindfold, for that he had been brought up in that neighborhood, and knew it well.

"'Well,' said old Marks, 'I thought I recognized something about you, although you are much changed in the last twenty years. You are Will Moody, who got into trouble with Sir Wentworth Heath about poaching; only he couldn't quite prove it agin you.'

"'No,' returned the sailor; 'but he went to work by a surer way than even the law—he got me pressed when I went to visit my sister down at Deal.'

"That, my young friend," observed Mr. Gerard, interrupting himself, "is a method by which not only we man our fleet, but rid the country of a number of obnoxious persons."*

"'Yes,' continued the sailor, 'I was pressed; if it had not been for that, I should never have sailed under Admiral Flinthert.' He spoke no more till they had entered the church, and had moved away the stone, which had been only dropped, and not yet fastened over the mouth of the vault. Then they descended the steps, and old Marks turned his lantern on to the spot where the first—that is, the latest—coffin of the long row was lying.

"'That is the admiral's,' said he; 'you may read his name upon the silver plate.'

"William Moody spelled it out aloud, so as to be quite sure.

"'Well,' said he, 'I will tell you a little story about that dead man, and then we will come away.'

"'Tell us the story when we get home,' replied the sexton.

"'No, no, man; I will tell it here, else you would think ill of me, may be, for what I am going to do. Now listen. For a long time after I was pressed, I hated and detested what I had to do, and also those who gave me my orders; but after a bit I got more used to the work, and some of the officers I learned to like very well, especially our captain. I was a strong active fellow, without home-ties to think upon and sadden me, for mother had other sons to maintain her, and in that respect I was luckier than most. There were pressed men on board of the same ship, men, whose wives and helpless children were starving because their bread-winner was taken from them, and who knew not whether he was dead or alive. However, as I say, I soon got used to my new position, and became so good a sailor that I was made what is called captain of the main-top. When our ship was paid off, which was not, however, for a long time, I liked the salt water so well, that after I had been home for a little, I volunteered to serve again.

"My next captain was this man who lies here. He was as cruel a tyrant as ever trod a quarter-deck, and a terror to good and bad alike. You could never please him, do what you would. If an officer is worth his salt at all, he knows and respects those men who do their duty well under him. Captain Flinthert knew, but did not respect them; on the contrary, he behaved towards them as though he resented some imaginary claims on their part to his consideration. I held in his ship the same position that I held in the last, for it did not contain a more active sailor. Yet he found occasion—I should rather say he made it—to get me punished. I swear to you that I had not committed even that slight fault which he laid to my charge; if I had done so, it was one for which the stopping of a day's grog would have been chastisement enough. This ruffian"—here he smote the coffin with his clenched hand—"ordered me three dozen lashes. Now, I had never been flogged yet, and when I went to the captain with almost tears in my eyes, and told him so, and that I had never even been reported for misconduct, he replied with a sneer that I was too good by half, and that it was high time I should become acquainted with the cat-of-nine-tails. 'To prevent mistakes, you shall have it at once,' said he; 'call up the boatswain's mate.' Now, I thought to myself, in the pride of my manliness and independence, that such a disgrace should never happen to William Moody, but that I would die first; so I walked straight from that part of the deck where I had been speaking with Captain Flinthert, and leaped from the bulwarks into the sea. I believe I tried at first to drown myself, but I was a strong swimmer, and nature compelled me presently to strike out. The cry of 'A man overboard!' had caused a boat to be lowered at once, and though we had been sailing very fast, I was picked up, not much exhausted, and almost in spite of myself. As soon as I had got on board, and put on dry things, the captain sent for me on deck, where I found the boatswain's mate at the grating, and all hands piped for punishment.

"'William Moody,' said that ruffian in a mocking voice, 'I had ordered you three dozen lashes for a certain offence, but you have now committed a much graver one in endangering, by your late act, the life of one of his majesty's sailors; you will therefore now receive six dozen instead. Boatswain, do your duty.'

"I was therefore tied up and punished. I don't think I suffered much at the time, although I was laid up in the sick ward for long afterwards. I was entirely occupied with thoughts of revenge. When I was able to get about again, Captain Flinthert had got another ship, and was away out of my reach. I never met him again, or he would not have lived to the age that is inscribed on yonder plate; but as soon as I heard that he was dead, I swore to come and spit upon the tyrant's coffin."

"Then the sailor suited the action to the word, and turned from the dishonored corpse with a lighter step than that with which he had approached it; and old Marks followed him from the vault, as he confessed to me himself, 'half-frighted out of his wits.'"

"I do not wonder," said I to Mr. Gerard; "it was a terrible revenge."

"Ay, but how much worse was the provocation; from the very man, too, placed in authority of him, whose duty was to foster, not to oppress him. Verily, they that are in

* This sarcasm was founded on literal truth; I myself remember a time when Englishmen submitted to a system of oppression almost precisely similar to that which has of late driven the Poles to insurrection, and enlisted for them the sympathies of Europe—namely, a forced conscription, the subjects of which are *selected*.

honor, and understand not, are as the beasts that perish."

"True," returned I; "but then the wretch was dead."

"Just so, young sir," replied Mr. Gerard impetuously, "was dead, and never felt the insult. The sailor felt both the insult and the lashes. How is it that, at your age, you have already learned to be the apologist of the rich in high places?"

"Nay, sir, I—"

"Yes, you," continued my host with vehemence; "your pity is for the admiral, and does not descend to the captain of the main-top Still," added he, in a milder tone, "I should not judge you harshly, even if you so judge others. You were brought up in India, were you not? where, in the eyes of the cowering natives, to be white is to be powerful, and wise, and all in all—save to be good. Great Heavens, what a retribution is waiting for us there!" Again my host paced the room, but this time rapidly, wildly, and uttering exclamations like a sibyl inspired by her god. "If the nabobs we see here are specimens of those who rule the East, Heaven help the ruled! What blindness, what infatuation! Do you know, young man, the very men that cause revolutions are the last to believe in them?" This was an observation so entirely beyond me, that I could only murmur that such was doubtless the case, although I did not remember having heard it remarked before. "It is so," continued Mr. Gerard positively, "and it always has been so. It was so in France. I suppose you have always been taught to consider the French Republicans the vilest and wickedest of men, and the Revolution to be the mother that produced them at one monstrous birth. Yes, when the day of reckoning comes, and the ruin is undeniable, Democracy, forsooth, is blamed. The taunt is hurled—

"'Behold the harvest that we reap
From popular government and equality!'
Whereas, in truth, 'tis neither these, nor aught
Of wild belief ingrafted on their names
By false philosophy, have caused the woe,
But a terrific reservoir of guilt
And ignorance, filled up from age to age,
That can no longer hold its loathsome charge,
But bursts, and spreads in deluge through the land.

High truth embalmed in noble verse, yet no one heeds. The author of those lines, my friend, is the greatest poet in Great Britain, and has never possessed an income of a hundred pounds a year. They say that my Lord Castlereagh has thirty thousand—Stay, do you not hear wheels? That must be Sitwell's gig. I have no patience to see him now. His sycophantic officiousness in fetching Sir Massingberd was too loathsome. How can a man who has two legs given him to stand upright upon, persist in grovelling through life upon all-fours?

"Heaven grant the man some noble nook;
For, rest his soul! he'd rather be
Genteelly damned beside a duke,
Than saved in vulgar company.

Do you receive him, Mr. Meredith; and tell him from me that it is no thanks to him that his patient is yet alive. Now that the siege is raised, I will just step in and see how the lad is getting on."

My host had left the room only a few seconds when Dr. Sitwell entered it.

"My dear young friend!" exclaimed he, in an excited manner, "what on earth has happened to Sir Massingberd Heath? He very nearly rode me down ten minutes ago on Crittenden Common; and when I inquired after his nephew, he replied—Well, I cannot repeat the exact words, because they are so excessively shocking. Why, he must be out of his mind with grief! I trust he did nothing impetuous, nothing that is to be regretted here?"

"No, sir," replied I; "he did not, thanks to our good host, who withstood all his attempts to see his nephew. It was, however, most indiscreet of you to send him hither. Mr. Harvey Gerard was exceedingly annoyed by your doing so."

"My dear young friend," observed Dr. Sitwell, sinking his voice to a confidential whisper, "Mr. Harvey Gerard is annoyed at many things which would give most sensible persons a great deal of pleasure. He would as soon admit a rattlesnake within his doors as a man of title—unless, indeed, it be his friend, Sir Charles Wolseley. By-the-by, it is to Sir Charles that my dear patient, Mr. Broadacres, is indirectly indebted for his wound. If Sir Charles had not convened that revolutionary meeting at Bangton, Mr. Broadacres would not have had to read the Riot Act, and eventually got shot by mistake by his own men. It is denied by the government, I perceive, that ball was fired by the troops at the first discharge; but between ourselves such was certainly the case; for I extracted the bullet from poor Mr. B. myself, and he has had to lie upon his face ever since. Good Heavens, sir, what a position for a man whose family came in with the Conqueror!"

"Is this Sir Charles Wolseley, then, of whom one reads so much in the papers, a friend of Mr. Gerard's?" said I. "I have heard Mr. Long remark that he was a very dangerous man."

"So he is, sir. He'll be hung some day, as sure as he lives. And the gentleman in whose house we stand is tarred with the same brush. It's terrible to think of. Why, do you know, Mr. Meredith, that Mr. Harvey Gerard goes the length"—here the doctor looked about him to be sure that we were alone, and placing his lips close to my ear, whispered solemnly—"of wearing a white hat!"

"Gracious goodness!" returned I, "why shouldn't he? My father always wears a white hat in India."

"Yes; but *let me tell you this*—India is not England," observed the doctor sagaciously. "A white hat here is the badge of Radicalism, Republicanism, Atheism—I don't say that Mr. Gerard is a downright atheist; but he's a sectary, and that's nearly as bad. And hark ye, I know this for certain; the only reason why Henry Hunt himself is not hand and glove with our friend is this—that when Hunt was tried for his life for sedition, he came into the dock, like a prudent man, with a black hat—and that is the one act of caution and good sense for which Mr. Gerard has never forgiven him."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TURN ABOUT.

Let men and women change places for a time in every position of life. How nice it would be to float about in muslins, and silks, and bareges, and all kinds of ineffable stuffs, gorgeous in parasol and bonnet-ribbons, gloved and veiled to a miracle, picking one's way daintily in bronzed boots, exacting on all sides attention and deference, whilst one's relations of the opposite sex did all the business. Then fancy being made up to instead of making up. How charming it would be to have Anglicans asking you to dance; and how delightful to be able to tap your chin with your fan as you answered superciliously that you felt too fatigued for that particular dance, and that you were engaged, you believe, for all the rest; that Aunt had taken away your card so that you couldn't tell exactly, and that really if she teased in that way you wouldn't dance with her at all. How still more gratifying it would be to engage yourself to Dulcibella, to throw her over for Sacharissa, and to listen, as if it were no affair of yours, to the dispute, conducted with honied words but deadly glances, between the rival damsels. Ah! me, I'm afraid the gentler sex would not be half so cool as the rougher is. How comfortable, too, it would be to feel that, beyond a bow of recognition and so forth, you were never expected to take the initiative; that you might sit lazily in your chair and only answer "yes," or "no," or "indeed," or "really," or "oh! how nice," or "oh! that was not nice," whilst your neighbor exhausted her powers to amuse you; and that so soon as you were dressed as nearly faultlessly as possible nothing further could be expected of you. How captivating you would look in your low evening dress, with bare throat and shoulders, like the gentleman that revolves in the barbers' shops. Just imagine, too, the sensation of being proposed to, simpering and saying, "You'd think about it," or "She must ask papa," that stern old gentleman over there, with a camelia in his hair, a diamond necklace, and a tartatan dress, whom two bald-headed dowagers, with gray moustaches, are vainly imploring to dance; or, perhaps, you might say slyly that you like Isabella very well, and would have no objection to be made her husband, but you're afraid she isn't steady, you've heard sad stories about her, and you'll not accept her proffered hand unless she promises, upon her honor, that she'll never do such naughty things again. And should poor Isabella venture afterwards to remonstrate with you upon the encouragement you give to other girls, Louisa Barter, of the Stock Exchange, Lucy Trigger, of the Rifles, or Fanny Plunger, of the Heavies, you might draw yourself up, tap the floor with your foot, toss your head, curl your lip, say, "We're not married yet, miss; you're not my mistress yet; you can't tyrannise over me yet;" and then burst into tears and refuse (but like immensely) to be comforted. And when the wedding-day was past, what a sweet, half-regretful feeling would steal over one as one read in the *Post* (if one were of sufficient rank or wealth or notoriety to attain such dignity) the account of the "interesting ceremony;" what the bridegroom, who was "overcome with emotion" for a few moments, 'had on;" how he was "accompanied to the altar by six blooming groomsmen, all attired alike in poplin, and looking like characters in a pantomime;" and how, "with his wreath of orange-blossoms round his grizzled head, his veil of costly Brussels lace, and his white robe, the emblem of his purity, he looked—the greatest guy that was ever seen." Oh! by all means let us have fair play, which is, turn and turn about. R. B.

☞ AN HONEST OFFICEHOLDER.—Henry Ward Beecher, in a recent sermon on "Heroism," related the case of an army officer, who saved over $80,000, which by law he might keep, but which he handed over to the Government, and did not think there was anything of merit in the act.

☞ While a Welsh cause was lately being tried in one of the London courts, the counsel for the plaintiffs, though a Welshman, begged to be excused from pronouncing the name of the place where a coal mine under dispute was situated. It was spelled Llwywywywer.

WOMAN'S WORK.

A writer in the London Field speaks of the manner in which the women of Brittany, from the middle rank downwards, take their share of the work of life, and he very justly defends them from commiseration on that count. Pity on that score would be most ill-placed, for do not these bonny, good-tempered looking women *en revanche* hold the purse? No half-sulky hintings about the requirements of poor Annette, a more open grumbling about the state of the family *chaussure*, for papa, on the contrary, comes to his *bonne femme* for his own small requirements in the way of expenditure, while she holds undisputed sway over the ways and means. In Jersey, that unique nook, curiously uniting the habits and customs of Brittany, Normandy, and England, the goodman is often conveyed to the tailor's for his spouse to order him a suit of clothes, where she superintends the measuring process, and gives full instructions as to material, price, fit, &c.

Not to go so far as to discuss the advantages of this very maternal care bestowed by the weaker sex upon the stronger, I have sometimes thought whether our English homes would not often be more comfortable and happier than they are, if work could be more equally divided than it is. Is it for the general comfort and general good for some members of a family to do all the work, and others all the play? I do not refer to those of my country women who have to work. All honor to their noble energy; many families, reared by widowed mothers' exertions; many parents supported by the manual or mental labor of daughters; and many homes where comfort fills the place that penury might occupy testify how those to whom work becomes a necessity fulfill their high vocation. But there are many girls who need not work unless they like, and who, consequently, do seem to like to do no mortal thing except amuse themselves.

How often do we see families where the fathers and brothers work early and late, where, with them, the constant weariness of almost unremitting labor, in the counting-house, the warehouse, or the shop, scarcely leaves time for enjoying the result of all this toil, and where the girls do nothing? Yet there are many things in business which women are very capable of doing—book-keeping, accounts, correspondence, delicate manipulation of fragile goods, waiting in shops of many kinds, and other matters. Perhaps there are few occupations in which a man might not find his daughters useful to him, with a little teaching, and it would certainly be a more comfortable family arrangement to follow the Breton fashion of dividing the work and the play than our own way of doing the same. Business might be got through without such incessant application on the part of some, and those who now do nothing but try to amuse themselves, until amusement loses its vocation, would be all the better for this mixture of useful occupation with their play.

This more equable way of doing business would have another advantage. It not unfrequently happens that all a father's application fails to attain its end, and death or misfortune induces a necessity for girls who have been used to do nothing, even for themselves, to turn out and get a living. Yes, *turn out and get a living* is the right phrase. Girls that have been brought up in tenderness and indulgence must school themselves to the bitterness of going forth among strangers, must give up all the tender associations of home, and submit themselves to servitude of higher or lower grade, must exchange the companionship of their own family for that of persons between whom and themselves there is but little exchange of sympathy.

How much better than this would be the Breton fashion of all the members of a family working in concert, whether in catching and curing fish, in managing a wholesale or a retail trade, in cultivation of land, or in any other occupation on which woman's quiet industry, persevering steadiness, or dexterity of hand might be brought to bear.

This matter of the girls of families putting in their mite towards the common weal by working with the rest would have many other advantages. The position of those who earn the finances, and those who spend them, is often very false. The father, and those who work with him, know the difficulty of getting money, and the evil which sometimes arises from having to divert money, which, perhaps, ought to be considered to belong to capital. The wife and the girls, having little to think of beyond buying things, find they want all sorts of things, and so continually worry at the father for money, which most likely they would never think of asking for if they knew the exact state of the business, and consequently of the family finances. If all the members of a family in the middle ranks could work together it would create sympathy of feeling, not only in other subjects of interest, but in their ideas as to what is wise and expedient in regard to spending, and so many families would go on in union and prosperity, in place of family discord and ultimate bankruptcy.

There is another item in which work (at home) would benefit the girls—it would improve their tempers. When they have nothing to do but to amuse themselves, their unoccupied minds *must* get full of something, and conceit and vanity take the room at liberty, which useful occupation would better fill. Conceit gives a grand idea of their own perfections, vanity a great wish for commensurate consideration and admiration, and the two things not agreeing, leads to discontent and a feeling of crossness, for which regular, useful employment would be the best possible antidote.

Some years back I heard of a merchant in London, whose daughters acted as clerks in his counting-house, under his own immediate surveillance, and I have always thought of those girls with pleasure and admiration.

Many girls have the bad taste to think meanly of the trade which furnishes them a living, and pride themselves in professing ignorance of their father's trade or profession, whatever it may be. When those who earn them bread are busy and anxious, they are engrossed with ball-dresses and crinolines, with the lightest of women's follies. How will such women carry on the improvement of the world? not so well by far as Madame Guillon arranging her fish on the beach at Concarneau. EMMA W.

THE BOATS OF SAVAGES.

Most of these examples of savage skill are constructed, it must be remembered, without saw, plane, chisel, or any iron tool whatever, but are sewed and clamped together with thongs, which, however, soon rot in the water, and have to be renewed every year. The royal yacht of the king of the Tonga Islands—one Tanoa—is thus described by Commander Wilkes:—"It had a magnificent appearance with its immense sail of white mats, and the pennants streaming from its yard at once denoted it as belonging to some great chief. It was a fit accompaniment to the magnificent scenery around, and advanced along rapidly and gracefully. It was a single canoe, one hundred feet in length, with an outrigger of large size, (making it look like a double canoe,) ornamented with a great number of the Cypræa ovula shells. Its velocity was almost inconceivable; and I was told that Tanoa often amuses himself, when sailing, by running down canoes, leaving those who belong to them to recover themselves and their property as best they may." Capsizing is not much thought of, I suppose, by the Tongese, the water of the Pacific being at least tepid in those parts; but, strange to say, the Greenlanders think very little of it either. When the kajak of a Greenlander is turned over, he swings his body by aid of the oar, and by a peculiar muscular effort, to which he is trained from his youth, so as to right himself and his craft at once, although the boat be for the moment on the top of him.

Most of us have been accustomed to consider the oak as the tree most suitable in every respect for ship-building; but the cocoa tree, out of which the Gelves, or vessels of the Red Sea, are constructed, must be acknowledged, in this respect, very literally to bear the palm. Out of this tree a vessel may be built, rigged, and fitted with mast, sails, cordage, and ropes, and victualled with bread, water, wine, sugar, vinegar, and oil.

DOUBLE FIVE.—Dominoes is not, if played properly, so simple and childish a game as many imagine. The best system is that of "fives," or "cribbage dominoes." For your information we will improvise a game. Let us say the players are A. B. C. They have drawn for first play, and A. having picked up the dominoe with fewest "peeps" on it, is entitled to first play. She is fortunate enough to have the 9-6, which she plays, scoring three, because the two ends make a number exactly divisible by 5 three times. B. follows, playing the double nine, placing it crossways, to show that it counts double—that is, the two ends represent 18-6, or 24, which is not divisible by 5, and, consequently, B. scores nothing at all. C. follows with 6-2, and scores four, because the ends now represent 20, and so on, till all the dominoes are played, and those which remain will not "go." Arrived at this stage, either the players in turn borrow one from the surplus left after each took the original nine, or the "peeps" are counted, and the one who has the lowest scores five, or one, as may be agreed upon, to the game. A player who plays all her dominoes out has this right. So there is a double object to serve in making fives and playing all the pieces. It is a rather lively game, and admits of considerable ingenuity and calculation.

☞ General Grant, now the hero of Washington as well as Chattanooga, is described as of even less than medium height, and extremely modest demeanor. At Willard's he wrote on the register, "U. S. Grant and son, John Rawlins, Colonel Comstock, Nashville, Tennessee."

☞ Once a Week tells us why cats are carried to sea. There are two reasons:—first, to kill rats, whose depredations insurance does not cover, but damages from which can be recovered if no cat is on board; and second, to save forfeiture to the Admiralty if a ship is found deserted by her crew at sea, with a cat on board, as it is not derelict if a living creature—even a cat—is found in it.

HOW TO RISE.

French statisticians say that the "well to do" live about eleven years longer, on an average, than those who work from day to day for a living, who, if they fail to get work to-day, will have no bread to eat to-morrow, unless they obtain it on credit, borrow, beg, or steal. Hence, it is clear that the moral debasements of the last two, and the wearing economies and anxieties attendant on the first named, tend to shorten human life. If then, the young can have pointed out to them a sure means of rising in the world, of attaining a happy competence, it is the legitimate province of the physician to indicate what these means are, as applicable to a large class of readers. Let every young man and young woman bear in mind always, that their destiny in life depends on their individual character; that what that is they will inevitably be; because the character of a man is indicated by his actions. These actions are read by the observant, and they are "placed" accordingly. Hence, all should study propriety of deportment, not only as to the greater, but in regard to things which may be considered of scarcely any importance.

A shrewd young man, one who is destined to "rise in the world," would never select that girl for a wife who would sit down on a book which chanced to lie on a chair or a sofa, who would tread on or over a pocket-handkerchief, or any article of clothing on the floor, rather than stoop to pick it up.

A young lady of taste and refinement would scarcely accept the attentions of a young man the collar of whose coat was usually speckled with dandruff, or whose finger-ends were fringed with black, or whose shirt-bosom was often spotted with tobacco-juice, or was uniformly ruffled or soiled.

Those who are so full of the milk of human kindness as to promise unhesitatingly almost anything asked of them, and are just as full, later on, of excellent reasons for not having fulfilled these promises, can never make their way into the confidence and respect of the thrifty and the good.

A man of good repute in Wall street, the other day, applied to a well-known citizen to rent from him a furnished house. He was refused. A mutual friend expressed surprise. "He stands well on the street." "Yes." "His family are highly esteemed." "Yes" "He is known to be punctual in all his pecuniary engagements." "Yes."

"Well, why don't you let him have your house, at your own price, while you are away?"

"Because he came into my parlor and sat on my sofa with his hat on. Such a man cannot have habits of personal neatness. He would spit on my carpets; he would break my chair-backs by tilting them against the wall, and soil it with his unkempt hair. The presumption is, his family are like him; at all events, he alone could injure my furniture more in six months than would be the profits of renting. No, sir! A man who sits in my parlor with his hat on, the first time he entered it, cannot rent my house at any price."

Each defect in a person's character is read by the observant as easily as the scarlet letter on the back of the erring. Let the young remember that the character will "crop out" in the manners, in the little acts of life, and that, if these are unexceptionable, and if they are uniformly neat, methodical, prompt, and energetic, these qualities will prove a passport to "good places," and to that thrift which brings with it a quiet mind and length of days.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

☞ NAMES AND VARIOUS SIZES OF BOOKS.—*Folio* denotes a sheet of paper folded into two leaves, making four pages; *quarto*, or, as abbreviated 4to, is a sheet divided into four leaves, or eight pages; *octavo*, 8vo, a sheet into eight leaves, or sixteen pages; *duodecimo*, 12mo, a sheet into twelve leaves, or twenty-four pages. So, also, sixteens, 16mo; eighteens, 18mo; twenty-fours, 24mo; thirty-twos, 32mo; forty-eights, 48mo; sixty-fours, 64mo.—are the several designations of sheets when folded into sixteen, eighteen, twenty-four, thirty-two, forty-eight, and sixty-four leaves; making each twice the number of pages.

☞ In ancient Egypt the husband on his marriage vowed honor and obedience to his wife, instead of as with us the wife to the husband. We have heard that infidelity, family disagreements and their train of attendant evils, were of very rare occurrence then and there, and probably that difference in the hymeneal ceremony was the cause of it. It will bear consideration.

☞ It is one of the most singular coincidences of the war, that Col. Streight, for whom John Morgan was held as a hostage, should have escaped from prison at Richmond in precisely the same manner as Morgan got away from Columbus. Streight may now, we suppose, be considered a "straight-outer."

☞ BIRD TRADE.—There are twenty thousand song birds of different kinds sold yearly in the city of New York. Most of these are canaries. The bird merchants go to Europe about the 1st of August, and buy their stock of canaries, finches, blackbirds, and thrushes of the Germans who raise them for sale. They come back in September and October.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

A cast some few years since was exhibited in a window in London, of the late Lady Blessington's beautiful hands. They were exquisite. The grace of their *pose* rivalled the loveliness of their form. I scarcely ever saw such hands on living woman. And those had not been idle hands. While she lived their fair possessor had employed them well and gracefully, as the productions of her pen still live to testify. Those hands were doubtless as lovely in color as in form; but they had never been injured by household drudgery, nor, I should suppose, by dangerous cosmetics. To such things I profess myself an enemy. Observe, I speak only my own sentiments; I do not presume to dictate to others; yet I would advise my fair young friends to abstain from the use of any article for the purpose of beautifying the skin, with the properties of which they are not thoroughly acquainted, and I can assure them that a frequent use of any of those whitening preparations now too much in use, tends materially to injure the skin, and to render it permanently coarse in quality and dark in color. I will not enumerate the many washes, powders, &c., which I consider injurious, as I should but furnish a stock of most pernicious knowledge for rash and inexperienced hands; but I will just mention that goulard is not a favorite application of mine, at least not for whitening hands. For some far different purposes I have found it valuable, or rather almost invaluable, but as a beautifying wash I do not recommend it. From its poisonous nature, it is a very dangerous article to be left carelessly on a dressing-table, to which children or servants have free access, and although it certainly leaves a powdery white appearance on the surface of the skin for a little time after its application, it has no permanent effect, or, if any, it can but be from the drying qualities it possesses to act perniciously on the pores, and in a greater or a less degree to shrivel up the skin. I am a friend to emollients—cold cream, honey, almond soap, or powder, palm soap, and glycerine, these are my favorites, and these all assist in softening the skin without drying it.

There are some simple female arts, with respect to whitening the hands, which, I think, quite permissible; a great deal depends, for the time, on the position in which hands are held, and any little excuse may be made use of for holding the hands with the fingers inclining upwards, so that the blood recedes towards the elbows. Lost in thought, or listening to a conversation, or at our reading or writing-desk, how often we may sit with one hand supporting our chin or cheek, and 'tis rather agreeable, after a few minutes, how fair an appearance our hand has assumed. I remember a lady (and a lady of rank she was,) some years ago in Paris, it was my chance to see her almost every day, and I being then but a very young girl, was greatly amused with any kind of eccentricity; well, this dear kind friend of mine, who had been once a most attractive belle, I have no doubt, although at the time I saw her the brightest days of her beauty had passed away, her daughter being then a bright star amongst our English aristocracy, married, and the mother of a pretty babe; well, my Paris acquaintance amused me greatly by one constant, almost, I may say, perpetual motion, except, indeed, at dinner-time, then the movement of her hands were different, and even then between the courses she continued to find it requisite for the purpose, as it appeared, of throwing the loose and elegant bracelets which she wore invariably away from her hands to draw an imaginary cork in the direction exactly opposite to any common way of doing it, her hands being held up with the fingers pointed up into the air, and twisted quickly half round and back again. I can only so describe it. At such times I always, young although I was, admired the dimpled rounded little hands and their snowy whiteness, but some years had elapsed ere I had learned to understand the great value of my friend's comical evolutions, which, at one and the same time, tended to whiten and to draw attention to [illegible] graceful fingers. "What vanity!" I think I hear you say. Perhaps it was; but this was, I believe, the only artifice she used, if it really could be supposed such, to attract attention. Possibly the habit had crept on her by degrees, and it was certainly as harmless a *ruse* as innocuous an embellisher as is the use of any wash or powder.

Yours, &c., BELLA MANO.

☞ It is said a man must make his money before he is forty years of age. It is a mistake. Mr. Astor was more than forty before he made that thousand dollars. Mr. Girard was forty years of age before he became a millionaire. The original Rothschild was more than forty years old before he became a rich man. When a man gets to be forty-five, he begins to lose his vim, but no man should despair simply because he is getting advanced in years. Undoubtedly youth is the time for exertion, but it is never too late.

☞ "I am not anxious," said good Mr. Adams of Falkirk, in the middle of the last century, and he was then near his journey's end—"I am not anxious either to live or die; if I die, I shall be with God, and if I live, he will be with me."

YOUNG DAHLGREN.—Col. Ulric Dahlgren, whose death is now fully ascertained, was a little over twenty-two years of age, a hero in history, and that part of history which will read like romance. His career in the army was filled with exploit, his last crowning all. In the fall of 1862 he led a daring expedition into Fredericksburg, routing three hundred rebel cavalry with but one-fourth their number, and this act Gen. Sigel pronounced one of the most brilliant of the war. Under Hooker his raids, and dangerous but always successful missions, were many. On Lee's second invasion of Maryland he took but ten men, and destroyed the enemy's pontoons at Williamsport, and at a later day, with about one hundred, he went round the rebel lines, captured the famous order from Davis to Lee, destroyed 179 wagons, and when surrounded by overwhelming numbers, dispersed his men, nearly all of whom regained the Union lines. In a gallant charge at Hagerstown, on the 6th of July, he received the wound which cost him his leg, and gained him the colonelcy, which he richly deserved. Dahlgren was a Pennsylvanian, and young Pennsylvania owes him a monument. The last information received by the government shows that the body of Dahlgren was most brutally treated. His ring finger was cut off, his body entirely stripped, and thrown into a swamp—outrage and ignominy the more keenly felt when we remember the military genius, unsurpassed, almost unequalled bravery, chivalrous spirit, generosity, modesty, and kindliness of this young and unquestionable hero.

HARD NUTS TO CRACK.—Few people are aware of the large number of impregnable fortified works that are being constructed along the Mississippi river by our troops—mainly by our negro troops. By *impregnable* we do not mean that all these works are absolutely beyond the possibility of capture by any conceivable force; but simply that they cannot be taken by any enemy that could be marched or massed against them—not, for instance, by the whole military power of the southern Confederacy, much less by the combined armies and navies of France and England. The rebels indicated to us what were the strongest natural positions on the river; and some of them they made a hard effort to hold, but in each and every instance they failed for want of the proper appliances. These positions, such as Port Hudson, Vicksburg and others, have been taken hold of by our troops, and around them have been built new works, compared with which the rebel works were contemptible, while our appliances of artillery and our iron clad naval supports add indefinitely to their superiority. We venture to say that if Jeff Davis were to marshal all the armies of the South against Vicksburg, he could not capture it in twenty years, nor, for that matter, in twenty centuries. And there are twenty places on the Mississippi river of which the same thing might be said. We should like to inquire of Jeff. Davis what he purposes doing about it?—*N. Y. Times.*

QUEEN VICTORIA'S ABDICATION.—The Memorial Diplomatique makes itself responsible for the extraordinary statement that at a recent Cabinet Council on the Danish question Queen Victoria rose from the table, declaring that she could come to no decision without consulting with Prince Albert, retired to her closet, and, on emerging, announced that the prince was hostile to any act of war by England.

This unmistakable proof of mental aberration is said to have determined Lord Palmerston to urge the abdication of the queen; and the fact that, instead of joining his mother at Osborne, the Prince of Wales has gone with his princess to St. Leonards, is interpreted as an indication that Edward VII. is preparing to mount the throne and to inaugurate a new foreign policy in the affairs of Great Britain.

It is certain that the present attitude of the English government cannot long be maintained if England is to keep her place as a power of the first rank; and if the abdication of Victoria is a necessary preliminary to vigorous and honorable action on the part of Great Britain, that abdication is likely to be insisted upon and accomplished with no unnecessary delay.—*N. Y. Com. Advocate.*

REV. T. STARR KING.—The sad news is received from San Francisco that Rev. Thomas Starr King died in that city of diptheria. Mr. King was born in New York, on the 16th of December, 1824. His father was settled in 1834 as minister of the First Universalist Church in Charlestown, Mass. The death of his father left the family in a great measure dependent upon the son, who was obliged to forego his intention of entering Harvard College. From the age of 12 to 20, young King was employed either as a clerk or a schoolmaster, devoting his leisure to theological studies. He preached in Woburn first in 1845. In 1848 he was called to the Hollis Street Church, in Boston, and in 1860 he sailed from New York for California, where he has since resided as pastor of a Unitarian Church in San Francisco. Mr. King was one of the most eloquent orators and brilliant writers in the country. His scholarship, for which he was indebted to no college, and which received in 1850 the tardy recognition of the master's degree from Harvard, was of a high order. He had made himself thoroughly at home in California, where he was deeply beloved. As a lecturer he was known in every city and large town of the Northern states.

☞ An old man said, "When I was young, I was poor; when old, I became rich; but in each condition I found disappointment. When the faculties of enjoyment were, I had not the means; when the means came, the faculties were gone."

☞ During a search at a house in Gloucester, Mass., for goods stolen during a recent fire, a ready-made coffin was found with the top knocked off, and rockers upon the bottom, making a serviceable cradle, in which a babe was comfortably snoozing.

☞ At the time when the Germans still condescended to jest about the pestilent Danish embroglio, which is now occupying the columns of the papers, they had a habit of saying that only one man ever thoroughly comprehended the Schleswig-Holstein affair, and that he became a raving maniac.

THE LEYDEN JAR.

A sheet of tin-foil is laid flat on a table (tin-foil being a conductor), and on this is spread a sheet of glass (this being a non-conductor), somewhat smaller than the tin-foil. Lastly, upon the glass is spread another sheet of tin-foil, somewhat smaller than the glass.

Arrangements being thus completed, what will happen if we bring the upper tin-foil into electrical communication with a positively-charged prime conductor? Why, of course it will be charged positively. And what will happen to the underlying sheet of tin-foil? Why, of course it will be charged negatively—the negative electricity being attracted or induced thither.

This arrangement well understood, the whole theory of the Leyden jar dawns upon us; for it obviously can make no practical difference whether the plate of glass interposed between two sheets of metal be flat—a real plate—or moulded into the shape of a bottle.

☞ When Morgan "raided" through Indiana and Ohio, Richmond editors called him the gallant cavalier of the South, and styled his operations "glorious" and chivalric. When Kilpatrick pitches his shells into Richmond and outrivals Morgan in the "raiding" way, the same editors call his operations "barbarous."

☞ At an evening party a gentleman carving a chicken asked a lady what part she preferred. "I will take a foot-handle," she said.

Be true to every inmost thought,
And, as thy thought, thy speech;
What thou hast not by suffering bought,
Presume thou not to teach.

☞ A son of the Emerald Isle, once riding to market with a sack of potatoes before him, discovered that the horse was getting tired, whereupon he dismounted, put the potatoes on his shoulders, and again mounted, saying, "It was better that he should carry the praties; he was fresher than the poor baste."

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for Flour has been unsettled. Sales comprise 12,000 bbls, in lots, at $6@6,25 for standard and good superfine; $6,50@7 for extras, the latter for selected brands; $6,75@7,75 for common and choice extra family; and $8@9,50 ℔ bbl for good and high grade western fancy brands. Rye Flour sells at $6@6,25 ℔ bbl, the latter for better brands. Corn Meal is dull, and a sale of 600 bbls Pennsylvania was made at $5,50 ℔ bbl.

GRAIN comes in slowly. Sales about 40,000 bushels Wheat, mostly western and Pennsylvania reds, at $1,60@1,65, the latter for prime lots, and white at $1,65@1,93, the latter for Kentucky. Rye is quiet at $1,30@1,33. Corn is in better demand, and some 78,000 bushels yellow sold at $1,20@1,21 afloat, and $1,17@1,18 in store. Oats, about 35,000 bushels found buyers at 80@83c, in store. Barley and Malt are unchanged.

PROVISIONS—The market for the Hog product is more active, with a small business to note in bbld meats, which come in slowly, at $22½@23½ for old and new Mess Pork, and $12@16 for country and city Mess Beef. Beef Hams are worth $21½@22 ℔ bbl, as to brand. Dressed Hogs are firmer and quoted at $10¾@11¼ the 100 lbs. Bacon continues scarce, and sales are making at 15@16c for plain and fancy Hams, and 11@11¼c for Shoulders. Of Green Meats, further sales of 700 pkgs are reported at 13½@14c for pickled Hams, the latter for fancy, and Shoulders in salt at 9¾@10c. Lard is less active, with sales of 1500 pkgs at 13¼@14½c for bbls and tcs, and 15¼@16c for kegs, including Grease at 12½@13c. Butter continues scarce and high, prices ranging from 28 to 33c for Penna and Ohio, and 33@38c for New York state. Cheese is better and selling at 14@18c for fair to choice dairies. Eggs are bringing 25@30c ℔ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been unsettled; sales comprise some 300 bales, in small lots, at from 75 to 82c for low to middling and good middling quality, and 50 to 65c cash for pickings.

BARK—There is more offering; Quercitron at $37 for 1st No 1. Tanners' Bark is firm.

BEESWAX—Good yellow is quoted 53@54c ℔ lb.

COAL—There is rather more inquiry to go East. Cargo prices at Richmond range at $6,50@7 ℔ ton, on board. For home use prices are nominally unchanged.

COFFEE—Sales of 3000 bags are reported at 35@37c for Rio; 36@36¼c for Laguayra, and 34@34¼c for Jamaica, cash and 4 months.

COPPER is firm, and Yellow Metal steady at 36c for Sheets and 37c for Bolts, on time.

FEATHERS—Good Western are quoted at 65@68c ℔ lb.

FRUIT—The sales are moderate, at $2¼@3¼ for Green Apples, and $7@10 for Cranberries. Dried Fruit is firm. Apples sell at 9@10c, and Unpared Peaches at 16@17c ℔ lb.

HAY is in demand at $24@26 ℔ ton.

HOPS are selling in a small way at 25@33c.

IRON—The inquiry for all kinds continues active. 1500 tons Pig Metal, in lots, at $49@51, cash, for the three numbers of Anthracite. Scotch Pig is scarce. For manufactured Iron the demand continues active.

LEAD is scarce, and 200 pigs Galena sold at $11,50 the 100 lbs, cash.

LUMBER—The market is firm and on the advance.

RICE is better, with sales of 400 bbls and bags at 8¼@8½c ℔ lb.

SEEDS—The market has been unsettled and dull, with sales of Clover at $7,75@8 ℔ bus. Timothy ranges at $3,25@3,50 ℔ bus. Flaxseed at $4,25@4,35 ℔ bus.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin continue very firm. N E Rum sells as wanted at 105c. For Whiskey prices range at 93@95c for common and prime Penna and Western bbls, and 90@91c for Drudge.

SUGARS are ¼c better; sales of 1200 hhds at 13¼@14¼c for Cuba; 10¾@14¼c for New Orleans, part by auction, and 13¾@15¼c for Porto Rico, on the usual terms.

TALLOW—100,000 lbs have been disposed of at 11¾c for country, and 12¼@12¾c for city Rendered.

WOOL.—The market is very inactive, and only about 100,000 lbs have been disposed of, mostly in small lots, at 75@80c for common to fine fleece.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1750 head. The prices realized from $14 to 15 ℔ 100 lbs. 200 Cows brought from $30 to 50 ℔ head. 16,000 Sheep were sold at from 7¼ to 8¼ cents ℔ lb. 5000 Hogs at from $10 to 12 ℔ 100 lbs.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth St., Pittsburg.
JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEO. N. LEWIS, 98 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Ill.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

DR RADWAY'S PILLS.

COSTIVENESS.
INDIGESTION.
DYSPEPSIA.
LIVER COMPLAINT.
BILIOUSNESS.

Dr. Radway's Pills cure these complaints rapidly and effectually. One to six boxes is sufficient to cure the most obstinate case. Radway's Pills purge thoroughly, cleanse the intestinal canal, regulate the Liver, Pancreas, Kidneys, and other glands of the system; are the only purgative pills that will cure piles, or that can be administered safely in Erysipelas, Small Pox, Scarlet or other Eruptive Fevers. Price 25 cents per box.

RADWAY & Co., 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
"Sold by Druggists."

Health for the Sick and Afflicted.

SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY
SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY
SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY

Bronchial, or Asthmatic Affections, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, Nervous Debility, Night Sweats, all Pulmonary Complaints. Its use is sure to bring health and strength to the weak and prostrated. Dr. Swayne's Compound being the production of a thoroughly educated Physician, and having stood the test of many years' experience, we feel that we cannot urge its claims to the sick too strongly, or say too much in its favor. A few doses will mostly cure a slight Cough or Cold. Prepared only by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, No. 330 North Sixth St., Philadelphia. feb27-1y

COUGHS, HOARSENESS, and the various Throat affections to which Public Speakers, Military Officers, and Singers are liable, relieved by "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Having a *direct* influence to the affected parts, they allay Pulmonary Irritation.

The only Known Restorer of Color and Perfect Hair Dresser Combined.

"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."

1. It will restore gray hair to its original color.
2. It will make it grow on bald heads.
3. It will restore the natural secretions.
4. It will remove the dandruff and itching.
5. It will make the hair soft, flexible and glossy.
6. It will preserve the original color to old age.
7. It will positively prevent the hair from falling off.
8. It will cure all diseases of the scalp.

It is not a Dye, nor does it contain any ingredient injurious to either skin or hair. Price 50 cents; six bottles, $2,50. Sold by Doctor SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. feb27-1y

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Lieut. GEORGE W. HUMMELL, to Miss LOUISA RODDEN, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. J. F. Chaplain, Mr. SAMUEL B. MATLACK, Co. F, 6th N. J. Veteran Vol., to Miss ELIZA J. SMITH, late of Burlington, N. J.

On the 10th of April, by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. ALEXANDER H. NEWITT, Jr., to Miss LIZZIE, daughter of Allen Weber, Esq., both of this city.

On the 10th of Jan., by the Rev. Andrew Manship, Mr. JOSEPH E. GITHENS, to Miss SARAH CARSLEY, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev J. Rudderow, DANIEL NEELY, to MARY A. RUSSELL, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. CHARLES MYERS, to Miss MARY F. KING, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Doctor Mann, Mr. F. C. CHARLES STROH, to Miss ELIZABETH C. YOUNG, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 5th instant, MRS. SARAH REMINGTON, relict of the late Capt. Isaac Remington.

In Washington, on the 8th instant, Lieut. EDWARD S. COLWELL, 2d Pa. Artillery, in his 23d year.

On the 7th instant, DANIEL HUNTER, aged 34 years.

On the 7th instant, SARAH C. BALDWIN, aged 55 years.

On the 6th instant, GEORGE CLAY, in his 75th year.

On the 6th instant, WILLIAM FOWLER, in his 54th year.

On the 6th instant, SAMUEL G. BUTLER, in his 70th year.

On the 5th instant, Mr. WILLIAM HART, in his 61st year.

On the 4th instant, THOMAS THOMAS, in his 54 year.

On the 3d instant, JEFFERSON HUNT, in his 39th year.

4-4 **LYONS BLACK SILK VELVET.**
Lyons Velvet 1¼ yards wide.
Magnificent Spring Silks.
Stoutest Black Dress Silks.
Richest Spring Organdies.
Shawls of newest styles.
EYRE & LANDELL,
mar12-1y Corner of 4th and Arch Sts., Phila.

WENDEROTH & TAYLOR,
PHOTOGRAPHERS AND IVORYTYPISTS,
912, 914 and 916 Chestnut Streets,
PHILADELPHIA,

Invite attention to their improved styles of Imperial and extra Imperial Photographs, presenting the finish of retouched pictures at the cost of plain.

Every style of picture furnished from the *Carte de Visite* to the highly finished Ivorytype and Oil Portrait, with satisfaction guaranteed.

☞ Particular attention given to copying Old Pictures.

☞ Fine assortment of ALBUMS constantly on hand.

N. B. Views of COUNTRY SEATS, HORSES, &c., taken on moderate terms. jan2-1f

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

EDUCATION FOR BUSINESS LIFE.

Young men who wish to acquire a *Practical Business Education* have superior advantages for doing so at *Crittenden's Commercial College*, 637 *Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.*

The Course of Instruction includes *Book-Keeping* as practiced by the best Accountants in all its different branches. *Penmanship*, which is taught by one of the best penmen in the country. *Mercantile Calculations, Business Forms, Commercial Law, Detecting Counterfeit and Altered Notes, &c., &c.*

Students instructed separately and received at any time.

CATALOGUES, containing full particulars, Terms, Students Names, (496 last year,) &c., furnished gratis on application.

S. H. CRITTENDEN, } Principals.
1t JOHN GROESBECK, }

GREAT BOOKS!!

NEW BOOKS! NEW BOOKS!!
DON'T FAIL TO SEND FOR A CATALOGUE.
OUR NEW CATALOGUE NOW READY,
SENT FREE—POSTAGE PAID—ON APPLICATION.
THE OLD ESTABLISHED AND ONLY RELIABLE BOOK,
AND SPORTING AGENCY.
Where orders are promptly and faithfully executed. Address, purchasing Bureau,
JOHN TRENWITH,
mar19-tf No. 107 South Third St., Philad.

WATCHES! WATCHES!
ENGLISH, SWISS AND AMERICAN.
GOLD, SILVER AND PLATED.
LADIES', GENTS' AND BOYS'.
THE CHEAPEST AND BEST IN THE CITY AT
D. W. CLARK'S,
No. 602 CHESTNUT Street.

WATCHES,
CHAINS,
RINGS,
PENS,
PENCILS,
STUDS,
BUTTONS,
TOOTHPICKS,
LOCKETS,
CHARMS,
THIMBLES,
BRACELETS,
TEA SETS,
CASTORS,
WAITERS,
CALL BELLS,
GOBLETS,
CUPS,
SALT STANDS,
SPOONS,
FORKS,
KNIVES,
LADLES,
FISH AND PIE KNIVES, BUTTER KNIVES, NAPKIN RINGS, &c., &c.

We keep a large assortment of the above goods, together with such goods as are usually kept at a first-class store. Our prices will be found much lower than at any other establishment.

One call will convince all that the place to purchase
WATCHES, JEWELRY & SILVER-PLATED WARE IS AT
D. W. CLARK'S,
No. 602 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
WATCHES and JEWELRY carefully repaired. Engraving of every description at short notice. mar12-4t

GET THE BEST.
☞ TEN FOR ONE DOLLAR. ☜
CARD PHOTOGRAPHS
(5000 Different Subjects)
OF ALL
PROMINENT AND NOTED PERSONS,
LIVING AND DEAD.
All the Major-Generals, the President and Cabinet,
AND ALL THE
Prominent Officers of the Army and Navy.
ACTORS, ACTRESSES, FANCY AND MISCELLANEOUS PICTURES,
&c., &c.

☞ 10 for One Dollar, or 15 Cents Single Picture. Sent free to any address. Enclose Stamp, and send for List of Albums and Card Photographs.

To insure prompt and honorable dealing send your orders to
G. G. EVANS, Publisher,
630 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

N. B. A Classified CATALOGUE of over 1000 different books in every department of literature sent to any address on receipt of 5 cts. mar12-4t

FRESH GARDEN SEEDS, 1864.
Dreer's Garden Calendar for 1864

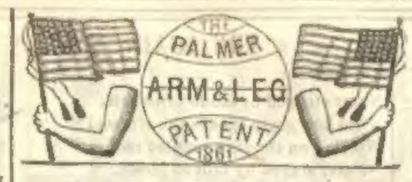
Designed to furnish brief directions for the Cultivation of Vegetables, Flowers and Fruit, with select lists of Seeds and Plants, will be mailed to all who will enclose a postage stamp to my address. HENRY A. DREER,
Seedsman and Florist,
mar5-4t 714 Chestnut St., Phila.

MENDELSSOHN'S FOUR-PART SONGS

English and German words. This volume contains the whole of these charming compositions of Mendelssohn, forty-three in number. Of these, 28 are for mixed voices—Soprano, alto, tenor and bass—and the remaining 15 for male voices, two tenors and two basses. The numerous glee and quartette clubs throughout the country should possess copies of this convenient edition of the best four-part pieces ever written. Price complete $1,25. Cloth $1,50. For Men's voices only 75 cents. Published by
DITSON & CO.,
mar12-tf 277 Washington St., Boston.

BOWEN'S BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPES

Magnifying 500 times, mailed for 20 *Cents.* Five of different powers for $1,00.
Address F. P. BOWEN,
mar5-4t Box 220, Boston, Mass.



B. FRANK PALMER,
SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to
THE STONE EDIFICE,
No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.—1609.
THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents), in *unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs* are worn (though few are suspected), and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world), attests the public value of these inventions. *All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.*

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address
B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist,
oct16-1y 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.

WITHERS & PETERSON,
30 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADA.
STOCK AND EXCHANGE
BROKERS

STOCKS BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.

7 3-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.

All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.

UNCURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.

Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.

DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points. may2-1y

JUST WHAT EVERYBODY WANTS.
OUR NEW POCKET ALBUM.
(FOR SOLDIER AND CIVILIAN.)

Holding Sixteen Pictures, is the cheapest and best Pocket Album ever offered to the public.

Sent by mail to any address, post-paid, on receipt of Seventy-five cents.

It can be filled with Pictures (16) and sent by mail to soldiers in the army, or friends anywhere in Uncle Sam's domains, at the very trifling sum of Thirty Cents postage. All orders promptly filled by
SAMUEL BOWLES & COMPANY,
Photograph Album Manufacturers,
mar12 3t Springfield, Mass.

FICKARDT'S CATTLE POWDER.
The Merciful Man is Kind to his Beast.

This Powder stands pre-eminent and first in rank of all those *Cattle Powders* which have come under the notice of all the most able and experienced Farmers and Agriculturists in this country for many years; in fact, we say, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that for the diseases in which it is used, it stands far superior to any other preparation; nor is its beneficial effect confined only to the ANIMAL in a diseased and unhealthy condition, but on the contrary, in the perfect healthy animal, given in proper doses, mixed with its FEED, will improve its Digestion, and by this means the whole Physical condition of the animal is strengthened tenfold, improving the quality and quantity of Milk from your Cows, keeping all the secretion of your HORSES, CATTLE and HOGS in a proper and natural condition, thereby enabling their Systems to throw off any tendency to disease, keeping their skin and coats in a perfect healthy state, and through this means your stock is increased in value and good condition, which, to the prudent and economical Farmer, is more than wealth. This Powder has been in use for many years, and none is genuine except that which bears the name of Fickardt's Cattle Powder. Prepared *only by*
WILLIAM RALSTON,
Late of the firm of LAWS & RALSTON,
Wholesale Druggists, Philadelphia.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 16th, 1862.

WM. RALTSON,—Dear Sir:—Having tried the Cattle Powder, manufactured by you, I consider it a good article for the diseases of Horses, and as good a preparation as there is in the market.
HIRAM WRIGHT,
Assistant Veterary Surgeon for the United States Government.

For sale by all Druggists and dealers. Price 25 cents per package.
Agents—D. S. BARNES & Co.,
202 Broadway, New York.
DYOTT & Co.,
jan16-6m 232 N. 2d St., Philadelphia.

DEAF MADE TO HEAR.

ACOUSTIC AURICLES, and every variety of instrument to assist the hearing, at
P. MADEIRA'S,
115 South 10th St., below Chestnut, Philada.
feb27-4t

DEAFNESS, EYE AND EAR,
THROAT DISEASES, CATARRH.—The above maladies treated with the utmost success by
DR. VON MOSCHZISKER,
Oculist and Aurist, graduate of Vienna,
Office, 1027 Walnut Steet, Philadelphia,
where can be examined hundreds of testimonials from the very best known men in the country, among which are several from old and responsible citizens of Philadelphia, who can be personally referred to. oc31-6m

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order.
R. G. GRAHAM.
feb27-tf 109 Nassau St., New York City.

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S
GERMAN BITTERS,
PREPARED BY
DOCTOR C. M. JACKSON,
Philadelphia, Pa.,
IS NOT A
BAR ROOM DRINK,
OR A
SUBSTITUTE FOR RUM,
OR AN
INTOXICATING BEVERAGE,
BUT A HIGHLY CONCENTRATED
VEGETABLE EXTRACT
A PURE TONIC,
Free from Alcoholic Stimulant
OR
INJURIOUS DRUGS,
AND WILL EFFECTUALLY CURE
LIVER COMPLAINT,
DYSPEPSIA,
and JAUNDICE.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS
WILL CURE EVERY CASE OF
Chronic or Nervous Debility, Disease of the Kidneys, and Diseases arising from a Disordered Stomach.

OBSERVE THE FOLLOWING SYMPTOMS
Resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs.

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depression of Spirits.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS
WILL GIVE YOU
A GOOD APPETITE.
STRONG NERVES.
HEALTHY NERVES.
STEADY NERVES.
BRISK FEELINGS.
ENERGETIC FEELINGS.
HEALTHY FEELINGS
A GOOD CONSTITUTION.
A STRONG CONSTITUTION
A HEALTHY CONSTITUTION.
A SOUND CONSTITUTION.

WILL MAKE THE
WEAK STRONG,
WILL MAKE THE
DELICATE HEARTY,
WILL MAKE THE
THIN STOUT,
WILL MAKE THE
DEPRESSED LIVELY,
WILL MAKE THE
SALLOW COMPLEXION CLEAR,
WILL MAKE THE
DULL EYE CLEAR AND BRIGHT,
Will prove a blessing in
EVERY FAMILY.
Can be used with perfect safety by
MALE OR FEMALE, OLD OR YOUNG.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

There are many preparations sold under the name of Bitters, put up in quart bottles, compounded of the cheapest whiskey or common rum, costing from 25 to 40 cents per gallon, the taste disguised by Anise or Coriander Seed, &c.

This class of Bitters has caused, and will continue to cause, as long as they can be sold, hundreds to die the death of the drunkard. By their use the system is kept continually under the influence of Alcoholic Stimulants of the worst kind, the desire for Liquor is created and kept up, and the result is all the horrors attendant upon a drunkard's life and death. BEWARE OF THEM.

For those who desire and WILL HAVE a Liquor Bitters, we publish the following receipt:—Get ONE BOTTLE OF HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS and mix with THREE QUARTS OF GOOD BRANDY OR WHISKEY, and the result will be a preparation that will FAR EXCEL in medicinal virtues and true excellence any of the numerous Liquor Bitters on the market, and will COST MUCH LESS. You will have all the virtues of HOOFLAND'S BITTERS in connection with a GOOD article of Liquor, at a much less price than these inferior preparations will cost you.

DELICATE CHILDREN,
Those suffering from MARASMUS, wasting away, with scarcely any flesh on their bones, are cured in a very short time; one bottle in such cases will have most surprising effect.

DEBILITY,
Resulting from fevers of any kind—These Bitters will renew your strength in a very short time.

FEVER AND AGUE.
The chills will not return if these bitters are used.—No person in a Fever and Ague District should be without them.

FROM REV. J. NEWTON BROWN, D. D., EDITOR OF THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.

Although not disposed to favor or recommend Patent Medicines in general, through distrust of their ingredients and effects, I yet know of no sufficient reason why a man may not testify to the benefit he believes himself to have received from any simple preparation, in the hope that he may thus contribute to the benefit of others.

I do this more readily in regard to Hoofland's German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. JACKSON, of this city, because I was prejudiced against them for many years, under the impression that they were chiefly an alcoholic mixture. I am indebted to my friend Robert Shoemaker, Esq., for the removal of this prejudice by proper tests, and for encouragement to try them, when suffering from great and long continued debility. The use of three bottles of these Bitters, at the beginning of the present year, was followed by evident relief, and restoration to a degree of bodily and mental vigor which I had not felt for six months before, and had almost despaired of regaining. I therefore thank God and my friend for directing me to the use of them. J. NEWTON BROWN.
Philadelphia, June 23, 1862.

ATTENTION, SOLDIERS!
AND THE FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS.

We call the attention of all having relations or friends in the army to the fact that "HOOFLAND'S German Bitters" will cure nine-tenths of the diseases induced by exposures and privations incident to camp life. In the lists, published almost daily in the newspapers, on the arrival of the sick, it will be noticed that a very large proportion are suffering from debility. Every case of that kind can be readily cured by Hoofland's German Bitters. We have no hesitation in stating that if these Bitters were freely used among our soldiers, hundreds of lives might be saved that otherwise would be lost.

The proprietors are daily receiving thankful letters from sufferers in the army and hospitals, who have been restored to health by the use of these Bitters, sent to them by their friends.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!
See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON" is on the WRAPPER of each bottle.

PRICES.
Large Size, $1,00 per Bottle, or Half Dozen $5,00.
Medium Size, 75 do. or Half Dozen $4,00.
The Large Size, on account of the quantity the Bottles hold, are much the cheaper.
Should your nearest Druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.
PRINCIPAL OFFICE AND MANUFACTORY,
No. 631 ARCH STREET, PHILADA. Pa.
JONES & EVANS,
(Successor to C. M. JACKSON & Co.,)
Proprietors
☞ For sale by Druggists and Dealers in every town in the United States. ap12-eow1y

Wit and Humor.

THE TWO BABIES.

A good story is related of our honest, good-natured old friend S——. "In the course of human events," S——'s wife was blessed with a baby, which of course was a most wonderful child. S—— was in raptures, as he was in duty bound to be, and bragged considerably about his boy among his friends. One day, as he was going home to dinner, he was overtaken near his door by a waggish neighbor, whom he invited to see the prodigy.

P—— demurred, alleging that he was in somewhat of a hurry—was no judge of the article, etc., but S—— would not listen.

"Oh, come in," said he, "and I'll show you something that'll open your eyes; come, come along, don't be afraid."

Thus urged, P—— consented, and in they walked. Mrs. S—— was apparently absent, but in one corner stood the cradle, in which was ensconced and fast asleep S——'s future hopes.

"There," said he, gently drawing down the quilt, "there's a boy for you!"

Saying which, he gently lifted the slumberer out of his warm nest, and holding him out in both hands, continued—

"Talk about your boys—let 'em get up and beat this. What dy'e think of him—isn't he a specimen? That'll do pretty well for new beginners, won't it, eh?"

At this moment Mrs. S—— entered from a side room.

"Why, S——!" said she, "that isn't our baby—it's Mrs. So and So's." (their next-door neighbor.) "She wanted me to take care of it a moment while she went out."

S—— was completely bewildered.

"Isn't this ours?" he inquired, innocently, looking first at his wife and then at P——, who stood ready to burst with laughter.

"No," said Mrs. S——, decidedly.—"Here is ours," she continued, bringing from an adjoining room another infant wonder.

"Well, I declare," said S——, looking first at one and then at the other, "who'd have thought I could have made such a mistake?"—*Harper's Monthly.*

A SWEET WIFE.

Mrs. X——, who resides in our senatorial district, had a neighbor, who was represented to be quarrelsome in his family, making his home anything but a pleasant abode. She, however, having heard that his wife was a good deal of a vixen, thought that the wife might be blamed for the unpleasant state of affairs in the household. So, full of charity and the doctrines of the law of kindness, Mrs. X—— visited her neighbor's house, with the benevolent intent of reconciling the differences existing there, and addressed the better half something in this style:—"Now, you know," said she, "how much pleasanter it would be if you and your husband would live together without quarrelling; both you and your children would be happier; and instead of being a reproach to the neighborhood, you might become honored members of society. And it may be," she continued, "you are not altogether blameless in this matter. Suppose you try and see what the law of kindness practiced toward your husband will do in effecting a reconciliation. It certainly can do no harm, and you may succeed in touching the tender chords of his heart, and he may renew his old affection. Try it," she urged, "and if you do not succeed you will at least heap coals of fire on his head," and so on.

All this was listened to, when this reply was made:—

"I don't know about your coals of fire; *I've tried boiling hot water, and it didn't do a bit of good!*"—*Harper's Monthly.*

ESSAY ON DOGS.—Josh Billings favors the world with a brief essay on dogs. "Dogs in the lump," says Joshua, "are useful, but they are not always profitable. The Nufoundlin dog is useful to save children from drowning, but you hav got to hav a pond ov water, and children runnin around kareless, or else the dog aint profitable. There aint nothing made boarding a Nufoundlin dog. Rat tearriers are useful to kech rats, but the rats aint profitable after yu hav kached them. The shepherd dog is useful tew drive sheep, but if yu hav got tew go and buy a flok ov sheep, and pay more than tha are wuth, jist to keep the dog bizzy, the dog aint profitable, not much. Lap dogs are very useful, but if yu dont hold them in your lap awl the time, they aint profitable at all. The coach dog is one ov the most usefullest ov dogs i know ov, but yu hav got tew hav a coach (and that aint alwas pleasant) or yu kant realize from the dog. Thus we see that while dogs are ginerally useful, thare are times when they aint ginerally profitable.

☞ The literary style of asking for a slice of ham at dinner is: "I'll thank you for an elegant extract from bacon."

☞ STEADY ABOUT.—When a ship goes into port she usually steadies; but when port gets into a man he usually reels.

TRY AGAIN.

Never stopped by stone or pebble,
See how gayly speeds the stream!
Winding on through tangled rushes,
Never stayed by rain or gleam.
Hark! how gayly sings the streamlet,
Ever sings its glad refrain;
Sings in eddying and in leaping,
"Try, try, try again!"

See the gallant river flowing,
Ever without thought of rest,
Over rocks, 'neath iron bridges,
Round the islets on its breast.
Hark! the river, as it floweth,
Ever sings its glad refrain,
As it rolls by town and city—
"Try, try, try again!"

See the glorious ocean bounding—
Proud, triumphant winner free;
Leaping over barriers conquered,
Toiling, restless, victor sea!
Hark! the glorious ocean chanting,
Ever sings its glad refrain,
Joining with the stream and river,
"Try, try, try again!"

Courage! onward! patient working
Makes us masters over all;
Leaf by leaf the flower unfoldeth;
Stone by stone we build the wall.
Hark! from those who've toiled and labored
Breaks the glad triumphant strain;
They have reached the mountain summit.
"Try, try, try again!"

PARISIAN SHOES.—Ball-room shoes in white gros de Naples have large bows in white silk mixed with blond upon them. They are often trimmed all round with a little ruche of blond; a small flower similar to those worn in the hair is also placed very frequently upon the shoe. A bride's shoes are ornamented with a bunch of orange blossoms. As much as possible the trimming of the shoes must match the headdress. Thus loops of fine pearls, diamonds or even a solitary large stone or a cameo, are to be seen on ladies' feet. The shoes must match the color of the dress. Chaussure is a matter of much thought in Paris, having its origin in the proverbially pretty feet of French women. In this matter they are very particular, and slippers and boots do not merely cover the feet, but adorn them. The prettiest winter slippers are made in satin, which is quilted, lined with white silk, and trimmed with fur. These they have nicknamed "douillette," (soft.) Slippers in the Oriental style are also much admired. These are made with high heels and cut away at the back, and the material, generally from Turkey or Smyrna, is of cloth of gold, or satin brocaded with silver flowers. The slippers are lined with light-colored velvet.

Agricultural.

BIRDS AND INSECTS.

FROM THE LONDON EXAMINER.

France is swarming with and devoured by insects because she has gluttonly eaten up her small birds, which were her natural allies against destructive insects. Our neighbors have ruled that one bird on the spit is worth two in the bush, and the consequence is now a scarcity of birds and noxious superabundance of insect life, consituting a serious national evil. A report has been made on the subject, which contains some highly curious information. After specifying the enemies of trees, cereals, and plants, and the enormous damage done by them, the reporter makes these interesting reflections:

"However inconsiderable these ravages are, it is surprising that they are not even greater when the prodigious fecundity of these evil species are considered; and if God in His wisdom had not provided a remedy, vegetation would have disappeared from the face of the earth. In fact, against such enemies man is powerless. His genius may enable him to follow the course of the planets, to penetrate mountains, or steer a ship against a storm; he can kill or bend to his will the monsters of the forest; but in presence of these myriads of insects which, from every point of the horizon, settle upon his fields, cultivated with so much care, his strength is sheer weakness. His eye is not sharp enough to discern many of them, his hand too slow to catch them. And even were he to annihilate them by millions, they would reappear by milliards. From above, from below, from right to left, they come in legions innumerable, without relapse. In this invincible army which advances to the conquest of the labor of man, each member has its month, its day, its season, its tree, its plant; each knows its own battle ground, and never mistakes his post. At the beginning of the world man would have succumbed in this unequal struggle if God had not given him in the bird a powerful auxiliary, a faithful ally, who wonderfully accomplishes the task which man is incapable of performing."

Nature has done much to obtain for birds the forbearance at least, if not the tenderness and love of man. They are beautiful because they must be so much seen, just as, on the contrary, the reptiles, which from their habits are so much out of sight are ugly and repugnant. And besides their elegant form and pretty or rich plumage, they give cheerful or sweet voice to the country. It should have been divined that creatures with such pleasing gifts to cause them to be spared and liked by man had offices to perform for his welfare. A large general humanity is indeed for the interests both unknown and known of mankind. But even in this country it was but lately that a systematic persecution of the rooks was commenced, and only happily stopped by the timely discovery, through Waterton, if we remember rightly, that the rook is the appointed enemy of the destructive wireworm. The farmer now knows, when he sees the rooks strutting and waddling about his fields as if they were their own, that they are his friends and allies, rendering good service for all they take from him, which may be considered as their wages for their duties in the rural constabulary force, against thievish worms and vermin.

Owls have always been persecuted, and everything is, indeed, against them. As they are birds of night, nature has not given them any of the gaities she lavishes on other birds; but notwithstanding this the owl, properly considered, deserves the praise of the old madrigal:—

"Of all the brave birds that ever I see,
The owl is fairest in her degree."

The owl preys on field mice and other vermin and insects obnoxious to the farmer; but this useful ally would have been extirpated long ago, had not its nocturnal habits happily withdrawn it from the eyes and opportunities of its stupid enemies. The raven is nearly extinct. They may be counted now, and the places specified rejoicing in their goodly presence.

The rook is about as scarce in France and Southern Germany as the raven is here, and you may travel miles and miles in a corn country without seeing a small bird of any kind And mark the reason why. We quote from the French report:—"Of suspected birds the one that enjoys the worst character is doubtless the sparrow, so often pointed out as an impudent pilferer." Now, if the facts mentioned in the petitions are exact, according to the opinion of many, this bird ought to stand much higher than he is reputed. In fact, it is stated that, a price having been set upon his head in Hungary and in Baden, this intelligent *proscrit* left those countries; but it was soon discovered that he alone could manfully contend against the cockroaches and the thousands winged insects of the lowlands, and the very men who offered a price for his destruction offered a still higher price to introduce him again into the country. It was a double expense—the ordinary punishment of hasty measures. Frederick the Great had also declared war against the sparrows, which did not respect his favorite fruit, the cherry. Naturally, the sparrows could not pretend to resist the conquerors of Austria, and they emigrated; but after two years not only were there no more cherries, but scarcely any other sort of fruit;—the caterpillars ate them all up; and the great King, victor on so many fields of battle, was happy to sign peace at the cost of a few cherries with the reconciliated sparrows. Moreover, M. Florent Prevost has shown that, according to circumstances, insects form at least one half—often in a much larger proportion—the food of the sparrow. It is exclusively with insects this bird feeds its brood. Behold a remarkable instance:—At Paris, where, nevertheless, the fragments of our own food provide abundant aliment for the sparrow, two of those birds having made their nest on a terrace of the Rue Vivienne, the *elytres* (upper wing) of the cockroaches thrown out of the nest were collected; they numbered 1,400. Thus one little *menage* had destroyed 700 cockroaches to feed one single brood." The report then goes into detail of the vast mischief done by insects, and the services of birds, and birds alone, in checking it. Of the marten, which is shot out of sheer wantonness whenever a man with a gun can take a quick aim, we learn: "Ten of those birds were killed between the 15th of April and the 29th of August, at the close of day, as they were returning to their nests. The insects, of which the remains were found in their stomachs, amounted to no less than 5,433, giving to each day for each bird an average of 543 insects destroyed. Another statement gives analogous results to the hedge sparrow, and among the insects thus destroyed figure precisely our most formidable enemies—the weevil, the *pyrale*, the cockroach, and a host of others. You will easily understand, gentlemen, the mischief done by these insects if you call to mind that the cockroach deposits from seventy to one hundred eggs at a time, which soon are transformed into white worms, which for two or three years live exclusively upon the roots of our most valuable vegetables. The weevil produces from 70 to 90 eggs, which, laid in so many grains of corn, becomes larvæ that eat them all up. Thus, one single weevil destroys a whole ear of corn. The *pyrale* lays from 100 to 130 eggs in as many shoots of vine. Thus attacked, the shoot pines and dies. From 100 to 130 grapes are thus destroyed by one *pyrale* before their formation. And now, if you will compare the two orders of figures which I have just submitted to you, admitting that on 500 insects destroyed in one day by a single bird, there be only *one-tenth* of those noxious creatures; for example, 40 weevils and 10 *pyrales* (and this is below the mark) —that is to say, on an average, 3,200 grains of corn, and 1,150 grapes, (*grappes de raisin,*) which in one day this little bird will have saved you. Give as large a margin as you choose to any other natural causes which might have stopped the ravages of these insects; reduce as much as you choose that of the bird, and there still remains enough to justify the profound saying of a contemporary:—'The bird can live without man; but man cannot live without the bird.'"

Superior cookery has its evils as well as its economic epicurean and social advantages, and it is the misfortune of France that she has had the skill to make eatables of little birds whose murder Nature avenges by the devastation of whole crops by insects. But wanton destruction has to answer, perhaps, for still more mischief than gourmandism. The report laments that as soon as spring brings back the birds of passage, every expedient is resorted to for their destruction. As to the little creatures, barely more than a tuft of feathers, a hundred of which make a small dish, the report remarks:—"If it was calculated, even at the lowest estimation, how many sacks of corn, barrels of wine and oil, are represented by a dish of these victims, it would be found that Lucullus, in his full glory, never gave so costly a repast; and to find an example of such luxury we should have to advert to Cleopatra's pearl. Moreover, this miserable excuse of satisfied sensuality cannot even be invoked by these *chasseurs*, who, by way of showing their skill, will fire at a swallow, perhaps carrying food to her young brood. To these men, cruel from thoughtlessness, we may be allowed to observe that, by destroying 500 insects during the day, that swallow had rendered a greater service to humanity than if ten *chasseurs* had returned home with full bags. Is it not, also, from sheer ignorance that the peasant nails against his barn-door the owl, the fern owl, and other birds, by which his unhappy skill has deprived his fields and granaries of their natural protectors? Why does he not rather nail up his cat? And if it was not enough that man should carry on this war of extermination, behold the very children in youthful carelessness—'that age without pity,' as La Fontaine styles it—devoted to bird-nesting. Eggs or birds, all the same to them. They break the first and torture the others to death."

The evil has gone so far as to make the remedy, if practicable, of very slow operation. The preservation of birds is now proposed in France as a national care and duty, but the stock is so low that the best preservation for years to come will not supply the deficiency, and meanwhile insects and vermin will have the field all to themselves, and decimate the crops. Nay, they do more than devour produce, for so unnatural a superabundance of insect life must be detrimental to the health of man. But, on the other hand, if it were possible to destroy the insect world, would it be desirable? We firmly believe not. We cannot suppose that any creatures can exist without their uses, though we may be unable to penetrate them. But the thing to be deprecated is any disturbance of nature's balance of powers, which has been done by the destruction of birds, carried to the excess so well described and wisely lamented in the excellent report from which we have quoted so largely.

TRAVELLING EXPRESS.

OLD GENT.—"This oscillation is very unusual, sir, isn't it? We seem to be going a tremendous pace!"

SWELL.—"Aw—ya—as! They're making up for lost time. I've just timed 'em, and we've done the last nine miles in six minutes and a half. Have a smash presently aw—think "

Useful Receipts.

CREAKING SHOES.—Who has not been annoyed, time and again, by squeaking boots? A correspondent of the Scientific American has been experimenting for a remedy. After trying several, he thinks he has hit upon one which will never fail. He saturated the soles with boiled linseed oil, keeping the soles as hot, during the application, as can be done without injury to the leather. As much oil is applied as the leather will take up. He had previously tried several other oils in the same manner, but without success. Boiled linseed oil is the only remedy he has tried without failure. Lecturers and public speakers, generally, as well as their hearers, will unite in a vote of thanks to that correspondent.

GLUE FOR READY USE.—To any quantity of glue use common whiskey instead of water; put both together in a bottle, cork it tight and set it away for three or four days, when it will be fit for use without the application of heat. Glue thus prepared will keep for years, and it is at all times fit for use, except in very cold weather, when it should be set in warm water before using. To obviate the difficulty of the stopper getting tight by the glue drying in the mouth of the vessel, use a tin vessel, with the cover fitted tight on the outside, to prevent the escape of the spirit by evaporation. A strong solution of isinglass, made in the same manner, is an excellent cement for leather.

EASY TO TRY.—It is said that a small piece of resin, dipped in the water which is placed in a vessel on the stove, will add a peculiar property to the atmosphere of the room, which will give great relief to persons troubled with cough. The heat of the water is sufficient to throw off the aroma of resin.—*Bellina.*

TO MAKE OYSTER SAUCE.—The quantity of sauce required depends upon the number of people who are to partake of it, but for a moderate-sized party four dozen of oysters will be sufficient. Native oysters are best, and they should not be opened until they are wanted; the liquor must be saved and strained. Put the oysters into a sauce pan, pour the strained liquor in, and let them heat slowly, allowing them to plump, but on no account to boil, otherwise they will become hard. After they have simmered a few minutes beard them; mix a quarter of a pound of fresh butter, with a tablespoonful of flour, stir these into the liquor until it boils, and there is no fear of lumps; then pour in by degrees a breakfast-cupful of cream, keeping the sauce stirred until it shows symptoms of boiling, then add the oysters and some cayenne pepper. The sauce must simmer until wanted, when be careful to serve it in a well-warmed tureen. Many cooks use milk instead of cream for this sauce.

☞ What is done from habit is done without reflection and without recollection. This explains why we are so little able to give the reasons for our past career, or to revive a remembrance of its incidents.

☞ A gentleman who was in arrears for several weeks' board and lodging, complained one morning that his coffee was not settled. "You had better settle for the coffee and then complain," said the landlady.

☞ The world has a million of roosts for a man, but only one nest.

☞ Oyster-house arithmetic—"One's two!"

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 53 letters.
My 12, 41, 42, 30, was a Union general.
My 28, 33, 23, is a part of the infantry drill.
My 31, 9, 11, 34, 45, 46, 10, is a Union general.
My 29, 39, 29, 27, many of our officers are used to taking.
My 40, 53, 25, 12, 37, 5, 33, 38, 6, 31, is a Union general.
My 18, 16, 18, 6, 17, is a fort in South Carolina.
My 47, 50, 16, 49, 21, 39, is a Union admiral.
My 19, 10, 3, 8, 44, is a Union general.
My 20, 15, 30, 5, 48, 7, is a Union fortress.
My 3, 4, 36, 8, 53, 43, 39, 24, 1, 26, 33, 35, is a Union general.
My 47, 14, 52, 25, 7, we all desire to see.
My whole is a Union general.

SHESH B. WEST.

Bartlayville, Wash. Co., Pa.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is an article, Murray says,
But other grammarians of new ways,
Call it an adjective—either will do,
As its true position the whole will show.
My second's a noise of singular sound,
And signifies also, to grind or pound.
My third, when the process is understood,
Either boil'd or baked, makes a dinner good.
My whole was a patriarch, in the days
When Heavenly messengers blessed Earth's ways—
He talked with the angels, he walked with God,
And the paths of obedience ever trod.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 1st is in hand, but not in arm.
My 2nd is in house, but not in farm.
My 3rd is in mail, but not in post.
My 4th is in bake, but not in roast.
My 5th is in ice, but not in snow.
My 6th is in rise, but not in flow.
My 7th is in wet, but not in dry.
My 8th is in hope, but not in try.
My 9th is in ale, but not in malt.
My 10th is in right, but not in fault.
My 11th is in eel, but not in fish.
My 12th is in meat, but not in dish.
My 13th is in heart, but not in soul.
My 14th is in plate, but not in bowl.
My 15th is in white, but not in black.
My 16th is in torture, but not in rack.
My 17th is in rail, but not in fence.
My 18th is in parse, but not in tense.
My 19th is in ten, but not in two.
My 20th is in him, but not in you.
My whole, we learn, at last is true.

VICKIE SPENCER.

Prompton, Wayne Co., Pa.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The altitude and the diameter of the base of a paraboloid are to each other as 2 to 3, and the greatest cylinder that can be inscribed in it is 24 inches in diameter. What are the dimensions of the paraboloid?

REUBEN BARTO.

Fredericksburg, Lebanon Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is required to find what part of a globe being 10 feet in diameter can be seen by a squirrel standing on the globe with his eye 6 inches above the surface; also, what is the distance from the point on which he stands to the most distant point on the globe seen by him.

MORGAN STEVENS.

Round Grove, Scott Co., Iowa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a sincere and ardent lover very unmindful of his betrothed? Ans.—Because he is constantly *for getting* her.

☞ Why is the moral of a fable like a needle? Ans.—Because it is pointed.

☞ Why is your knee like letter E? Ans.—Because it is mid leg.

☞ Can you spell "comfort" with two letters? Ans.—Yes, with c, o! (case.)

☞ When is an umbrella like a person convalescent? Ans.—When it is re-covered.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Major General McPherson, commanding Seventeenth army corps Vicksburg, in the army of Tennessee. RIDDLE—Napoleon Bonaparte. CHARADE—Mucilage (mew-sill-age.)

Answer to INTEREST QUESTION by Dan. Diefenbach, published Jan. 30th. A $381.80½, B $346.64 1-9, and C $271.46 3-5. Morgan Stevens, Walter Severly, Gill Bates, Reuben Barto, Jennie Merrill, Artemas Martin, W. J. Barrett, W. A. McDowell, R. G. P., Francis W. Hibbard, and D. Diefenbach.

D. E. sends the answer to his PROBLEM published Jan. 23rd, as follows—South 7 deg., and 43 min. East.

Answer to PROBLEM by Gill Bates, Jan. 30th. 13, 12, and 5 feet. Francis W. Hibbard, Walter Severly, Reuben Barto, and Gill Bates.